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IRISH WAR AND ENGLISH PEACE

By SIR SAMUEL HOARE

IT was once foolishly said by an English politician that "in Ireland there are no facts." I also am an English politician, but I wish to say in the first line of this article that the problem of Ireland is like every other international problem a question of hard and ascertainable facts. It is because these facts have been submerged in a flood of rhetorical generalizations and historical reminiscences that the problem has remained insoluble for so many centuries. Moreover like all ancient controversies it has accumulated around it a mass of political deposit. If the Irish case is to be judged on its own merits, this crust of generations must be removed. Englishmen, and perhaps Americans, have fallen into the habit of inheriting from others rather than of forming for themselves their views about Ireland. The old stories are handed down from father to son and the ancient prejudices transmitted as family heirlooms. The result is the curious atmosphere of antiquarian unreality that

makes the Irish question seem some strange phantom of unique and bewildering shape. The first need is to let the cold air of the real world into this confused mist. Ireland is a country like most other countries whose population is racially divided, cause and effect play much the same part in its life as they play elsewhere, and across St. George's Channel facts are just as hard and definite as in England or the United States. Let me therefore attempt to apply to the Ireland of May 1921 the acid test of undiluted reality.

It should be clearly remembered in the first place that the Irish problem is neither uniform nor unchangeable. Although its background may keep its colour, its features are constantly changing. In 1798 it was Ulster that raised the cry of a republic and the standard of revolt—in 1921 it is Ulster that clings to the Union Jack. In 1886 it was the Conservative Party that defeated Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill—today it is the Coalition, of which the majority is Conservative, that has put a Home Rule Act into operation. In 1914 Sir Edward Carson organized an Ulster army in defence of the Union—in the week during which I am writing he is blessing the new Belfast Parliament, while the Nationalists, the time-honored party of Irish self-government, are boycotting throughout Ireland the new Home Rule. These facts I do not emphasize for the purpose of proving the inconsistency of Irishmen—they can all of them be intelligently explained by the history of the last century. I mention them rather to show that the Irish controversy, although its battle cries remain monotonously the same, is constantly changing in its essential features.

The first three Home Rule Bills were destroyed by two very definite causes, that whilst mutually distinct, acted simultaneously. The first was the impossibility of devising any scheme of finance that could at the same time secure the approval of the British elector and satisfy the needs of an insolvent Ireland; the second, the linking of the two great British parties to the rival factions in the Irish battle.

For the whole period of the Home Rule Bills—that is from the eighties until the outbreak of war—Ireland, judged by the standard of the revenue collected and the expenditure undertaken within its borders, showed a heavy annual deficit. Finance was and is the key to the political problem, and as long as Ireland was financially bankrupt, it was impossible to lay a sound foundation for Irish Home Rule. Today the financial situation has entirely changed. Since 1914 as a result of the increase in the amount of our indirect taxation and the high price for agricultural produce, there has been a large surplus of Irish revenue over Irish expenditure. If Ireland were a self-governing unit entirely dependent upon itself for its own resources, it would today enjoy the position held by no other European country of having a large surplus in its annual budget. Of the many implications of this change one is especially important. As long as Ireland was dependent upon grants in aid from the British Treasury, British control of Irish administration was inevitable. With a solvent Ireland there is no such need for British interference. To the extent, therefore, that the financial obstacle of Irish insolvency has been removed, the path of Home Rule has been made smoother by the events of the last seven years.

So also has it been in the field of British party politics. There again the obstacle of the British party machine has been pushed aside. Up to 1916, when the first Coalition Government was formed under Mr. Asquith, Home Rule had for a generation been the chief issue between the two parties. On the one side were the Liberals, their party pledged to the Nationalist Home Rulers, on the other the Conservatives, their leaders and party organization identified with the cause of Ulster. British party politics, never more bitter than at the end of the last century and the beginning of the new, swept the question of Irish self-government into their vortex, and for a generation Home Rule, its concrete factors forgotten, became the battle cry of two highly organized and very bellicose political armies. Since

1916 the presence of Home Rulers and Unionists in the same Cabinet and upon the same benches in the House of Commons has broken up the old English alliances with the two Irish parties. The change, although its effects have not yet been fully felt, is fundamental to the problem, and has already found expression in the Irish Convention of 1917, where the Unionists of Southern Ireland, supported by a big body of English Conservative opinion, sided with the Nationalists; and still more significantly in the Government of Ireland Act of 1920, when a large Conservative majority actually carried a Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Although the Convention failed and the Government of Ireland Act has been the butt of incessant attacks, the fact remains that, as long as Home Rule was a clear and distinct party issue between the Conservatives and the Liberals, it was impossible for the two parties to unite even temporarily in any attempt to find an Irish settlement.

How then has it come about, that with the financial obstacle removed and the party veto withdrawn, the course of settlement has become so despairingly entangled? England, irrespective of party, earnestly desires an Irish settlement—British Conservatives vie with each other in their wish to make a generous offer of self-government to Ireland —the London Press is almost unanimous in its efforts for peace. Yet five hundred soldiers, police, and civilians have been murdered by the Irish Republicans since 1919, scores of outrages have occurred almost every day, and Ireland has become an armed camp in which thousands of Irishmen are fighting a relentless guerilla war against the forces of the Crown. As the need for European peace becomes more urgent, the terror and turmoil of civil war in Ireland become more appalling. On the one hand the Republicans, cunningly organized, fiercely vindictive—on the other, the soldiers and the police, fighting a dogged war under bitter provocation and intolerable conditions. Here then is one of the real tragedies of Europe—the two chief hindrances

to peace removed, and a general desire to settle an age-long controversy, yet a daily embitterment of two peoples who in their hearts wish to dwell together in amity. Is it that English and Irish will never understand each other? Is it not rather that English and Irish have both made mistakes from which it is not easy to escape? Is it not also that England and Ireland are both passing through that phase of irritability and unrest that has stirred up bolshevism in Russia, racial bitterness in Central Europe, and industrial discontent even in so stable and prosperous a country as the United States?

Indeed there seems to have been a conspiracy of evil fortune against an Irish settlement. In 1916 there was the German plot and the miserable Casement incident. Bad blood was stirred to its depths, old and evil hatreds dragged out—the coming of peace put back by years. The horizon cleared, and a Convention was set up to find a settlement. By weak management the Convention failed, and Mr. John Redmond and the Nationalist Party were, through no fault of their own, heavily compromised. A new Parliament was elected with a majority pledged to Irish settlement. Months passed whilst Mr. Lloyd George and the principal ministers were immersed in the making of Continental peace. Unfortunately they had no time to give to the making of Irish peace, and the favorable moment was lost when, at the end of a victorious war England and Ireland, having fought side by side, longed to forget their old quarrels. At last a Home Rule Bill was introduced and a Home Rule Bill that, whatever critics may say, treated Ireland more generously than the bills of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Asquith. But the Government was still concerned with the liquidation of the world war, and the Bill shuffled aimlessly through Parliament; the offer of peace was ignored, the opportunity for wise amendments abandoned. With Mr. Lloyd George in Paris or Spa or San Remo, and Parliament overwhelmed by the problems of military and civil demobilization, it was difficult to prevent the drift.

Meanwhile, whilst events stood still at Westminster, they moved with a rush in Dublin. Day by day Irish nationalism was responding more intensely to the pressure of the nationalist movement that had swept away the anti-national governments of the Continent and re-created those national states of Poland and Czechoslovakia. Everywhere in Europe the sentiment of nationality had been stirred to fever point by the victories of the war, and President Wilson's Fourteen Points. What wonder that Ireland reacted to this wave of feeling and that the cautious compromises of the old Home Rule Nationalists were drowned in the shrill and unhesitating shout of the new Sinn Feiners? The more the Government delayed, the more irritable and dangerous became the new nationalism. The old Home Rulers whose programme had been strictly constitutional, saw the ground cut from under their feet when the Government and the House of Commons refused to satisfy their Parliamentary demand. Sinn Fein with its policy of direct action carried all before it, and Ireland, with the exception of six counties in the North East, drifted into sullen rebellion against British rule.

And so it has come about that for twelve months there has been in progress a war of attrition between the forces of the Crown and the guerilla bands of the Irish Republicans. Both sides have claimed victory, both sides have hurled terrible charges at each other, both sides can claim the support of a large body of public opinion. For though Great Britain unhesitatingly supports the forces of the Crown, it is impossible to deny that sympathy for the rebels is strong upon the Continent, in the United States, and in the self-governing Dominions of the British Empire. Amidst this confusion of tongues and counter claims it is difficult to form a just opinion. If I venture to assess the rival values of the Irish currency, my claim to impartiality must be based upon the fact that I am an Englishman who, whilst sympathizing with Irish aspirations, is identified neither with Ulster nor with the South of Ireland, and that as a

Conservative I may be presumed to give full weight to imperial considerations and the sanctity of law. Looking at Ireland from this point of view, I come to the conclusion that the two sides are in much the same position as were the Allies and the Germans in 1916. Neither army has won and neither army seems likely to win in the near future. At the same time, just as Germany's defeat became ultimately inevitable through the exhaustion of her population and her raw materials, so it is obvious that in a war of attrition, the Irish Republican Army will sooner or later be exterminated by the armed forces of the British Empire. I have also come to the conclusion that the British Government could not abdicate, and that short of abdication it has been impossible to restore law and order without coercion. Unfortunately in Ireland the forces of lawlessness have always been ready to seize every opportunity. Crime, call it religious, agrarian, or political, sweeps over the country in periodical epidemics. The worst of these attacks has gripped Ireland during the last six months. What could the Government do? British public opinion would never have endured abdication, and no government could have lasted a week that allowed murder, robbery, and rebellion to rage unchallenged. The crisis found the forces of the Crown in a critical situation. Demobilization had made the army dependent upon boy recruits, and the Royal Irish Constabulary, the police force of Ireland, was weak in numbers and morale. It was in these circumstances that the Government organized the new police force known as the Auxiliary Division. None but ex-officers were eligible for it, and the term of service was to be for a year. Fifteen hundred ex-officers were enlisted—and enlisted as the circumstances demanded at very short notice. Nine out of ten of them were as brave and honorable officers as those of any British war battalion; but into their ranks there drifted some of the riff-raff of the war. It is these black sheep, now for the most part expelled from the force, that have given a bad name to the unit. Upon the whole—and I have been at some pains

to enquire into their conduct—the Auxiliary Division has, in the face of the grossest misrepresentation, acted efficiently and with no small measure of success. Upon it has fallen the brunt of the guerilla campaign. Mainly as the result of its efforts the Government can point to the break up of the Sinn Fein courts of law, the internment of two thousand officers of the so-called Republican Army, and the fact that all the chief leaders of the extreme movement are in flight or hiding. It is due to the ex-officers of the Auxiliary Division that the Government can claim that its machine has been made more efficient, and that coercion is gradually crushing crime. From the Government's point of view this fact is undeniable. But the Government's is not the only point of view. No one, not even the most sanguine soldier or police officer, believes in his inmost heart that these swifter revolutions of the coercion wheel are producing any permanent result. At its best, coercion will extirpate crime —at its worst, it will encourage it—but in either event it will leave unsolved the political problem. If this fact needed proof, the experience of the last year has gathered up a mass of indisputable evidence. Coercion was unavoidable. The evil trail of crime forced the Government to revert to it. But coercion, whilst inevitable and temporarily successful, has failed; just as it will always fail, to give peace to Ireland. Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.

I turn from the forces of the Crown to the Irish Republican Army. In what case do the Republicans stand after a year of war? They, no less than the forces of the Crown, can point to successes. Nationalist Ireland has been made uninhabitable by any but Sinn Feiners. For six months the gunmen have kept up an average of twenty outrages a day against the police, the army, and the local loyalists. The high roads are entrenched, the railways demoralized, private intercourse destroyed. Those Government offices which Sinn Fein has not secretly captured, had to be guarded like beleaguered citadels. The Viceroy is a prisoner behind barred doors and machine guns. Who can deny the

fact that Sinn Fein has succeeded in impeding every wheel of the Government machine? But who can also deny the fact that in spite of this success the Irish Republicans are as far from final victory as ever? By no stretch of the imagination can the defeat of the British forces be contemplated.

It is into this impasse that the Irish problem has been pushed. Neither side can hope to solve it by their present methods, and a war of attrition in which neither army can win, is forcing the country to choose between martial law or anarchy. Is there any means of escape from a dilemma that no sane Irishman can desire to face?

Here again let me set out the problem upon the board of present day facts. The first fact is that Mr. Lloyd George is genuinely anxious for a settlement. Behind him is the House of Commons ready to go to the uttermost length of generous concession. Upon three occasions he has publicly stated his willingness to meet the Sinn Fein leaders in conference, to give all but three of the most notorious murderers a safe conduct, and to discuss without any preliminary conditions the question of peace and settlement. Until the leaders accept this offer, he hesitates to suggest concessions that may be thrown back in his face or repudiated by the Sinn Fein organization.

The second fact is the present Ulster position. Ulster opposition, though its front line has been turned, is none the less a cause of potential danger. Ulster has accepted the Government of Ireland Act and her leaders are prepared to make a success of the Belfast Parliament. But if the Prime Minister goes too far in his concessions to the South, he runs the risk of an Ulster repudiation of her agreement to work the Act. An Ulster repudiation would bring back the problem to the blind-alley of 1914, and would leave the Prime Minister without a Parliament either in Belfast or Dublin. The hard, solid fact of Ulster—a fact that because it has been ignored has destroyed every former effort at settlement—must be kept constantly in mind.

The third fact is that the Government of Ireland Act is passed and is actually in operation. Inadequate as it may be, the Act possesses two advantages over previous Home Rule Bills. It has got around the Ulster veto, and has actually started a system of Home Rule in the North of Ireland—and it is easily capable of wide extension. The foundation of the Act is the very real division between Northern and Southern Irishmen—in other words, the admission that the problem of peace is an Irish problem, and that at present the two races of Irishmen do not agree. To correspond with this real division there is set up a dual system of Home Rule with Parliaments both in Belfast and Dublin. The two Parliaments are, however, not to be regarded as the final expression of Irish dis-union. Their ultimate union is contemplated, and in the meanwhile a liaison body known as the Council of Ireland is set up between them. If the two Irelands unite, the scope of Irish self-government is ipso facto extended. For the time being the two provinces are intrusted with the liberty of action that is conferred upon an average State legislature in the United States. Although the Act does not reach to the furthest point of self-government, it goes a long way and provides an easy road for the full journey.

The fourth fact is the most important of all. From North to South, Irishmen want peace. Nine out of ten of them detest the rule of force and the regime of terrorism that now hold their own country by the throat. The business man of Ulster is losing by the Sinn Fein blockade of Ulster products, just as the business man of the South sees his trade and commerce brought to a stop by military patrols and masked marauders. The Roman Catholic Bishops are horrified at the breakdown of law and at the weakening of religious sanctions. Even the fanatics see that their country is being driven into a terrible abyss. Whether they serve under the orange flag, or the green flag, or the Union Jack, all Irishmen want peace. How can they obtain it?

I suggest that by far the surest road to Irish peace is the Irish road. If Sir James Craig, the Prime Minister of Ulster, and Mr. de Valera, the leader of the Irish Republicans, can come to an agreement, there will be peace—and a swift and lasting peace. That they have already met is a hopeful sign—that they will not meet again seems to me incredible. A year ago a meeting between these two protagonists would have been inconceivable; a year hence it may very likely be regarded as a quite normal incident in the domestic negotiations of the Irish parties. Certainly, as long as there is any chance of Irish peace being achieved by Irish leaders, it is the duty of Englishmen—and I am bold enough to suggest of Americans also—to stand aside and to maintain as far as they can the atmosphere that the negotiations require. From the point of view of the British House of Commons I can say that a great majority of its members would gladly extend the scope of the Home Rule Act in any direction that may help the peacemakers. It is, for instance, a grievance of the Nationalists, and a grievance that in my view is well founded, that whilst the Act gives the proceeds of Irish taxation to the Irish Parliaments, it retains in Westminster the control and administration of taxation. If the grant of full fiscal autonomy will facilitate a settlement, this grievance can easily be remedied by a Parliamentary amendment—and Ireland, even though the gift involves great administrative inconvenience to Great Britain, can receive full control of her own finances. So also with what is called the Imperial Contribution of Ireland to the war debt and the upkeep of the army and the navy. If it be a condition of peace, the British taxpayer, staggering though he is under the heaviest weight of taxation that has ever been known in Europe, will, I believe, be ready to remit the Irish obligation, and to leave it to Irishmen to give or not to give at their own free will, financial help to the burden of the Empire.

Two reservations and two only, does Great Britain demand. The first, that Ireland shall remain part of the

British Empire. To the Americans of the North, who fought their grim battle against Secession, the demand needs no justification. Ireland must remain part of the British Empire, or the British Empire will break up—and if Ireland is to remain part of the British Empire, the conduct of foreign politics and the control of the army and navy must remain in Imperial hands.

The second, that there must be no coercion of Ulster into a system of government that Ulstermen repudiate. Ulstermen have as clear a right to self-determination as their fellow countrymen in the South. No government, Liberal, Labor, or Conservative would dare again to threaten Ulster with coercion. The coercion of Ulster must be altogether excluded from any negotiation. With these sole reservations, Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen will fall over each other in their desire to make straight and smooth the path of Irish peace. Be it now, or in six weeks' or six months' time, Great Britain is prepared to expand Home Rule into Dominion autonomy, if peace can be won by generous concession.

In this work of peace the American people can give us invaluable help. For it is the atmosphere that is created, that will make or mar the negotiations. Amidst its complex of races and peoples, the United States have given a prosperous and welcome home to Ireland beyond the seas. The citizens of this overseas community have played a distinguished and influential part in the political life of the country of their adoption. In the present crisis the overseas Irishmen can bring down their great weight upon the side of peace or upon the side of war. May an Englishman, who is doing what he can for Irish nationalism, appeal to them to choose the side of peace, and forgetting the mistakes that drove them across the Atlantic, to help Ireland to make peace with England, and to begin a new era of prosperity in which Nationalist and Ulsterman will work in common accord for the good of their country?

THE LIVING SPIRIT OF FRANCE

By ELIZABETH HAMM

"I HAVE come back with only my hands for work and my eyes for weeping!"

This was the climax of the story told by a young peasant woman upon returning to her native village in the north of France; a story of loss, suffering and despair that was not unusual in those first months after the armistice.

The tears were never visible, but hands eager for toil were held out for spade, axe, saw, or sewing machine—implements of trade that were as hard to find in the devastated regions as in the middle of a desert. Many times we heard that pathetic word —"Nothing"—"Nothing",—repeated in apathetic acceptance of a cruel fate.

"I have nothing—nothing,"—a withered little grandmother would cry—"Not more than that!" with tip of right forefinger indicating the tip of left forefinger for emphasis. "But, my faith! what would you? This is war! We are starting housekeeping again as best we may.—Is not that a little dent in the side of the frying-pan purchased of the American ladies? I would like to exchange it for one flawless and very solid. One must make one's economies!"

The character of the French peasant, the real *paysan,* whose living is won from the land, is wholly delightful. A stranger who is fortunate enough to live for any considerable period in rural France comes to understand and appreciate the seeming contradiction of his nature. He has the faults of his qualities. He is honest and economical, but "near." He is brave and independent, but distrustful of others. For generations he has ruled sternly and hardly, but proudly

and justly, over his little kingdom of land and farmstead. This has fostered in him an intense individualism, and a patriotism that fires into action at the first threat to his beloved land. To one who knows nothing of his tradition and tenacity of purpose, he may seem to set undue value upon material things. His oak furniture "bien solide" is symbolic of the toil and sacrifices of his grandfathers. The chest of linen that will be his daughter's marriage portion is an heirloom in which the family history is interwoven. Imagine your own home built up of things like that, things that cost not money but generations of toil—you who furnish your rooms in any period that takes your fancy—and then imagine it swept away, root and branch, yourself without a single possession, without money, and without the means of spending money were it available; without shops, tools, livestock, or food—in short, "rien, rien, *rien!*" Imagine that the disaster that swept your puny belongings into the scrapheap had at the same time taken the lives of your son and husband, that another child had died of starvation, and that your mother had lost her mind through suffering. Then you too might say—"I have but hands for work, and eyes for weeping!"

The outward aspect of the Department of the Aisne is to-day practically the same as it was in 1918. It takes but one sweep of the hand to knock down a child's tower of cards, and time and patience to build it up again. The farms and schools and churches in the path of war fell like cardboard before the cannon, and ten years, perhaps a generation, must pass before, stone by stone, they can be set upright again. With mines and factories destroyed, building material scarce, and fifty-seven per cent. of France's man-power between eighteen and fifty years of age killed in battle, the wonder is that so much has been accomplished by this indomitable nation. It is the indestructible spirit of France that has survived and that now animates these ruins with new life. Once more Humanity, stripped bare of trappings, is harnessing natural forces to its purposes, making

bricks without straw, and illustrating the supremacy of spirit over matter. That is the renaissance that counts!

"They pass and smile, the children of the sword—
No more the sword they yield;
But, Oh, how deep the corn
Along the battlefield!"

The fields of the Aisne live again, spreading their rich brown carpets protectingly about poor little battered villages. In order to accomplish this the farmers have been obliged to set aside their almost sacred individualism and form agricultural syndicates. Under the direction and stimulus of American groups, privileged to share in the rehabilitation of the devastated regions, the group idea has made an entering wedge in the minds of these conservative people. Oddly enough, life in a devastated village soon feels perfectly normal. When the first shock and horror wear away, after a sojourn among ruins, a village right side up looks altogether wrong. Fortunately this has been the reaction of the inhabitants of the region. They become used to the most appalling inconveniences. They reduce their wants to a minimum, living in dugouts, flimsy shanties or abandoned stone quarries, taking up family life uncomplainingly and cheerfully in those surroundings. They marry, they die, they are born. They court, they quarrel, they gossip, and they love. Most of all they *work!*

The village folk are sharply individual. Monsieur le Maire is a person of dignity, who wears a round black straw hat and kid gloves a little long at the finger-ends. He cherishes with one gloved hand an elegant goatee. He loves ceremonial, makes a flowery address, losing no occasion to write letters of gratitude to "les Dames Americaines," whom he addresses as "Fellow citizenesses!" There is also Monsieur le Curé, a person of equal importance, zealous and kindly, followed by the children through the streets, a good soul, simple, if not too clever—who might have sat a hundred times to Vibert. His garden blooms with pansies and for-

get-me-not, and he walks there in gentle seclusion, sighing sometimes when he lifts his eyes to the ruins of his beautiful church, in one cold aisle of which (thanks again to "les dames") he says mass.

There is the Justice of the Peace, an exotic in our tiny village. He lives alone, shrouded in mystery, and wrapped eternally in a full black cloak, like the Flying Dutchman. His grey eyes and Wottan-esque beard are shadowed by an immensely broad black hat. He flits like a ghost every morning to the bakeshop, for even a person of such distinction must eat to live, and he is the awe of every beholder. We are very proud of Monsieur le Juge le Paix, and a grave bow from him in passing is like an accolade.

Monsieur Goriot, the tax collector, is quite the contrary; small, dark, vivacious, immensely intelligent and amusing. "Fougeux"—firey, the neighbors call him, but he is loved as a sort of father confessor by all, consulted not only upon matters of law, for the family health and domestic difficulties are also brought to his office. A Solomon brought to judgment!

Monsieur Blaugeot is the sportsman of the village, and, before the war, was known as champion archer of the Canton of Coucy, with the proud title of Emperor. He is eighty years old, but his back is strong and his eye is keen, and his arrow still flies straight to the center of the mark. It was a happy day for the canton when the ancient archery pavilions were restored, and this romantic and kingly sport took its place again in the life of the people.

Best loved of all are the farmers, with their hard, seamed faces, shrewd eyes and warm hearts, not so very different from the best type of the New England farmer. The grandmothers too, form an interesting part of village life; they are so sociable and gay, in spite of the hardships through which they have passed. They have come back to spend the last years of their lives in their own country, happier to die in some wretched dugout, than to live anywhere in all the world outside of the Aisne. Dear Madame Derlincourt-

Gloux! How tidy is her tiny dugout, and how she laughs at its inconveniences. She has her garden, too, and here is a rose bush that actually escaped the destruction of the war; and running about are six chickens, a lively pair of rabbits, and a nanny goat—this last her greatest joy in life. Are these not riches?

"It is gay to see the little chickens running about," she says. "I call this my little palace, Madame!" ("Mon chot palais"). She is a brave old queen in a little palace of courage.

The very old and the very young are, alas! in the majority in our village, but even the children of twelve and thirteen years of age are hard at work and looking forward to happier days. The peasant of France is doing his utmost to face life anew and to build up that which was so ruthlessly torn down. The Government of France is also doing its utmost to help its people.

They look with touching confidence to America for continued sympathy and support.

The gratitude and love of these people is out of all proportion to our aid, and who like the French know how to give gracious expression to delicate sentiment? On last Thanksgiving Day the mayor of the Village of Anizy, a village which is situated on the edge of the Chemin des Dames, and of which barely an outline remains, sent the following message to American friends:

"A star of the American flag has become detached and is fixed above the Aisne.—By its light we live!"

DAFFODILS

By MABEL CORNELIA MATSON

Gray mourning skies, weird winds and cold,
The world and I are sad and old—
When lo; a gleam of green and gold,
And daffodils bloom by my door.
The world and I are young once more.

NOVELS THAT LAST

By JOSEPH HAMBLEN SEARS

READING has been a varied procedure for many years. It has leaped into prominence when other occupations failed. It has been vital in times of illness. It has disappeared altogether when there seemed to be great importance in doing something. When this necessity for doing something was going strong, when opening letters and answering them each morning in an electrically lighted office was necessary if the commercial world was to continue, reading was another way of saying wasted time. So much could be accomplished in other ways—in dining, in bridging, in theatreing, in baseballing.

After all the Bible and the insurance agent agree that it is possible to hold on to this life for only seventy years, and given that full span there are only eight hundred and forty months, or twenty-five thousand five hundred and fifty days, or six hundred and thirteen thousand, two hundred hours, or thirty-six million seven hundred and ninety-two thousand minutes altogether. Counting out the foolish years of youth—which were gone anyway—the limit was distinct and appalling. To sit in a railway station, for example, and wait fifteen minutes for a train at the age of forty was dreadful. Nearly 1/17,500th of what was left had gone because some official—probably the president—had tried to acquire more wealth by saving on repairs, so that now the engineer could not get up steam in his worn-out engine. Only seventeen thousand four hundred and ninety-nine more such delays and the ghost must be given up for all the immense time that was left until eternity should come to an end. Even Sir Oliver Lodge only gives us twenty million years on this earth, and that is but a short time after all.

Under such circumstances to read—to sit still and glance

over a white page dotted with hieroglyphics invented by people who lived in a desert and had nothing else to do—was fatuous when so many things like making money and spending it were possible in the same time.

Then when something went wrong with the internal economy and the head of the house diagnosed the case as liver gone on a vacation, resulting in irritability and impossible-to-live-with-ness, there resulted a day in bed and another in a chair with chicken broth and toast on a tray. Here was 1/5,475th of the remaining span gone where the good niggers go. Only a few more such cases and the end of the chapter would be at hand. Thereupon the cold perspiration would burst forth, and it became necessary to think of something else at once. At such times reading sprang into life again and seemed to have some excuse for existence, since it was merely using up time that was already lost.

In these periods of enforced idleness, which grew more frequent as opportunity for their repetition decreased and the wearing out of the internal tissue lent a more friendly ear to their demands—in these periods the desire for reading took the form of fiction. There was a wish to forget the day in bed; and the hair-raising plots did the trick admirably. Those situations which all human beings like to imagine and never experience—the escapes, the combats, the chase of the chaste ladies—at least served as a palatable sauce for the broth and the toast; and it was much easier to forget for the moment that another 1/5,475th of life was slipping away.

As time went on and one well-conceived plot after another passed in review there gradually developed a tendency to turn back to Dumas' *Three Musketeers* and its two sequels. When the necessity for a change of thought arose, a momentary review of what was new and what was old in fiction led most often to the taking up of the old story of the kings of France. The pages seemed always to contain something new and worthwhile. "Oh, Alexander! Such feasts of Lucullus as you give us—such prodigality!" said

Thackeray. Where in all the range of literature is there so much to be had? In the evenings when the trials of a day or many days culminate, in the nights when the sheets are twisted into unrecognizable lumps and wrinkles, when the rumpus in the office, or the question of the reckoning at the end of the month, tend to twist not only the sheets but the mental thing tossing about upon them as well, the longing grows to take down the two-handed sword from the wall, to buckle on the great pistols and ride forth upon the open road to London with the calm Athos, the faithful Porthos, with Aramis and D'Artagnan, and bring back the diamonds that saved the good name of a queen. Sitting in the chair, gazing at the broth and toast, what a relief it is to march forth with the "Four" to the bastion of St. Gervais, and, while demolishing innumerable enemies, eat lunch consisting of the viands of fiction and the wine of Anjou, and bring back the napkin that the King ordered stamped with a *fleur de lis* because the valor of the men who waved it in action had made it into a flag!

So that as time went on a great affection arose for these men, because they have done so much to make the world pleasant and vigorous and happy. Again and again the choice turned to them in time of trouble, and they, more than all others in the big list of our day satisfied and accomplished the seemingly impossible. When it was over, the next start was made easier and there was a new view of what must be done, a spirit of battle with the pistols and broad-swords best adapted to commercial, or financial, or mental warfare. If, in few weeks, another impossible problem arose, there on the table, ready at hand, lay the four swashbuckler youths of France who encountered all sorts of impossible problems and never threw up the sponge. If the great Minister of Louis XIII could be outwitted by D'Artagnan, why not the bill collector by Smith? If Athos could keep perfectly calm when attacked by a dozen brigands, why should Jones lose his nerve when the boss gave him the blue envelope?

One day, when the problem was more difficult or the time longer, there came a change. Something besides the soldiers of the King was necessary. It would be difficult to give the exact reason. They were just as splendid as ever. Perhaps a hint that they never lived may have had something to do with it. But in any case there came a yearning for something real: and a suggestion from other reading, or from another reader, brought forth from a dusty shelf Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* It was a recollection of the college campus, and had something disagreeable connected with it. It had been a "required reading" in those days, and the beginning was doubtful. Then, because the book was so long that there was no possibility of finishing it immediately, it came to be a companion of the lamp and spectacles on the table by the bed. And so began that amazing review of the world for more than a thousand years, every page filled with episodes and histories and stories that no inventive mind of the novelist can ever excel in variety or strangeness, in beauty or horror or magnificence.

Poor old Gibbon! He grew so fat sitting in his house in Lucerne writing his history that when he finally struggled to his feet and travelled to London it was too much for him, and he died. He loved to drink madeira and eat unwholesome things, just like his emperors of old and his reader of to-day. But, unlike either of these, before he died he finished his work. And now, pretty nearly a hundred and fifty years later, almost every page glistens with sentences as fresh, as contemporary, as new as they were then. Many a follower has tried to improve upon him. None have succeeded.

He never takes it for granted that you know anything about his subject. He always tells the story first and then lets his keen, half cynical, wholly human mind play with it. There in the old volumes of history are innumerable bits of humor and many a wise comment that fit our day as well as his or that of Imperial Rome.

You read a little to-night and a few days later, forgetting where you left off, begin again and read the whole portion a second and a third time, invariably finding something new. It is an ever-changing panorama of armies and emperors, of poverty and purple, of pomp and ceremony filled with some of the greatest and some of the meanest human beings that ever trod this earth. It is an ever-illuminating story of what religious faith has done to this strange world, wherein people by the hundreds of thousands died rather than give up their beliefs, wherein hundreds of thousands fell upon one another and gouged out one another's eyes and tore each other limb from limb for a hundred years, because of a preposition in the Creed. There, too, is the story of the six hundred thousand souls who left their homes and families and walked through Germany and Austria and Thrace, crossed the Hellespont and wandered down the eastern end of the Mediterranean for an idea, dying by thousands from exhaustion along the way, or from the strange heat and the unsanitary life near the Holy Sepulchre, if they succeeded in getting as far as Jerusalem.

There are so many things in these vigorous pages to apply to our own times, so much philosophy, so many examples of bravery and cowardice—all so modern and so human! There was old Diocletian, Emperor of Rome, who resigned his office and went into private life at the height of his power. When they begged him to return and assume the purple again he declined and said: "If you could see the cabbages I have planted with my own hands at Salona you would not ask me to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power." What a comforting thought for those of us who cannot rule! What a suggestion to some of our great ones who might succeed so much better with the work of cabbages than of kings!

There was Artaxerxes, who, after a somewhat active life in politics over the greater part of Asia, said: "The authority of the Prince must be defended by a military force; that force can only be maintained by taxes; all taxes, at last,

must fall upon agriculture; and agriculture can never flourish except under the protection of justice and moderation." That belief, given out one thousand six hundred and eighty years ago, has a very vital ring to it to-day. Apply it, with *government* put in place of *prince,* to our own country and see if it is not reasonably sound and modern, in spite of the mould of centuries that hangs about it. Do not our statesmen tell the farmers every day that all depends upon them, that they must and shall have justice and moderation, and that taxes only at the very last shall be laid upon them?

Speaking of the early Roman emperors, Gibbon says: "They preserved peace by a constant preparation for war." There seems to be a familiar sound here. Our pacifists cite the fall of the German Empire because of this theory. Our Roosevelts quote it from George Washington as the only policy for us in the future. And our younger statesmen give it out as something quite new that has at that moment sprung from the fountain of their wisdom. It was a practice seventeen and eighteen centuries ago, and to-day our orators solemnly advance it as one of the new ideas hot from their political griddles.

When there is a little weakening in our faith in business associates, when the prospect of success is somewhat hazy because of its remoteness and it is so easy to lose courage, there comes a twist in the right direction from a re-reading of the story of Belisarius. There was Justinian, Emperor of pretty much all the world. Here was his wife, Theodora, who had been a street-walker all her youth and was now the Empress of the world, still keeping up her original profession with amazing gusto, though Justinian never once doubted her or lost faith in her. And serving them both was Belisarius, one of the greatest generals of all time, who reconquered Africa and Italy and everything else without armies, or ammunition, or money. After one of his victories, when he had recaptured the city of Rome with a handful of men, he wrote to the Emperor: "If you wish that we should live, send us subsistence; if you desire that we should con-

quer, send us arms, horses and men. The Romans have received us as friends and deliverers, but in our present distress they will be either betrayed by their confidence, or we shall be oppressed by their treachery and hatred. For myself, my life is consecrated to your service. It is yours to reflect whether my death in this situation will contribute to the glory and prosperity of your reign." Here was a fighter who won battles against odds, who made bricks without straw, who was sent off against hundreds of thousands with only thousands — sometimes only hundreds — and who brought back the victory each time. And then when he came home to Constantinople after his campaigns he found his wife Antonia mixed up with another man, plotting his own death in company with Theodora. He was thrust into a dungeon on an imaginary charge and his friends thought that when he escaped he would cast off Antonia. But they were all mistaken. He forgave his wife and took her again to his bosom, "And," as Gibbon, the philosopher, says, "the unconquerable patience and loyalty of Belisarius appear either below or above the character of a man."

This is not fiction. This is the history of a part of the world a little over fourteen hundred years ago. Close the volume and take up a newspaper of the hour, give up the names Emperor and Empress and General and substitute Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and you read the same story. But to-day Mr. Brown runs to the divorce court. That is the difference between Brown and Belisarius. That is the difference between our midnight worries and the unconquerable patience and loyalty of a great fighter. Such reading cannot fail to help the weak ones of to-day to go at it and try again, since the strong ones of yesterday did it, and all of us—ancient and modern—are human.

So, as in the case of the musketeers, after a try at something else there is a return to the Roman Decline; and gradually the lamp and the spectacles on the table have only two companions—Mr. Dumas and Mr. Gibbon. Did one ever read the other, or would Gibbon have read Dumas if the

dates had been reversed? Possibly. But in any case, the third person—the one who can never approach either of them—reads them both with equal joy and benefit. And as time goes on the minutes spent in waiting for trains, or worrying about the troublesome affairs of the personal day, do not seem to be quite so wasted. The failures and disappointments are wrinkles that are partially smoothed out by these two men. All the pomp of the greatest empire the world has ever known has disappeared, yet Athos and D'Artagnan, Belisarius and Stilicho go on living.

If there is somewhere near the table and the two books a wood fire and a flower garden, there is not much else which is vitally necessary. One fireplace, if it draws well, is all that can be used; one flower garden, if it is pretty and intimate, is enough; one novel and one history, if they are the best, will do; but all four are necessary.

When it is warm there can be no fire; but then there is the garden. When the different colored blossoms are frozen the fire is at hand. So when it is too serious a time for Dumas there is always the story of Gibbon, and when there is only irritation and fretting there is the history of the musketeers. They are not the end and aim of life. Nobody is quite sure what that is. It is of course certain that each one must have his career, his profession, his business. Otherwise he is only an encumbrance upon the earth and wearisome in the extreme to himself and all the rest of the world. These four companions help the business of life along, whatever that business is. They assist in the turning of corners. They keep an equilibrium when the ship begins to rock in a storm. They do not take the place of anything. They fill out the day given to man which is never really filled without them.

Perhaps seventy years is a short period among the Stone and Iron and other ages. It does not amount to much in the twenty million years which the scientists give us; but neither do these millions amount to very much to him who has a full seventy of sanity. And the least that can be said of the four companions is that they will keep us sane.

FAITH IN PRAYER

By JOHN H. FINLEY

WHEN in England I read a compendious book of essays on the power of prayer written in competition for prizes offered by the Walker Trust—of Scotland, I think. The competitors represented many parts of the world—from America to India—and many creeds. But today I have seen even more effectively and practically illustrated than in these essays, out in the prairie villages of Poland, a faith in the power of prayer to do "more things than this world dreams of."

An American who was in Warsaw on the Sunday in August, last year, when the Bolshevists were nearest to the city and were finally turned back, writing to America a few days later, said:

"Do not let anyone persuade you that the days of miracles are past or that there is no longer belief in the efficacy of prayer."

On that critical day when it seemed that nothing could humanly avail to avert the capture of Warsaw by the Bolshevists, all the devout men and women who could not dig or fight in the trenches, a few kilometers away, were in the streets, the churches, or their homes, praying. And the miracle was wrought!

But it is not only in times of dire extremity that these people give proof of their faith. I have today passed through several villages in a rich farming district of Poland, fifty miles from Warsaw, and as I neared each one of these villages I saw men, women, and children walking on the main road or coming by lanes or even by paths across the level fields toward the church. In this particular district,

the peasants wear a distinctive costume: the women and children one of brilliant orange homespun skirts and capes, sometimes with aprons of blue or purple and bodices of brilliant green, and innumerable beads; the men, one of long white homespun coats or of short black broadcloth coats with orange breeches. These people are not touched by the passing fashions of the day; they respect the local sanctions of the long past, and find their interest in the universal only through their religion.

In the great enclosed yard around the church, the women sat on the grass and put on their stockings and modern shoes—the latter their only concession to modernity—which they had carried from their homes; and the mothers arranged the coiffures of their children. Meanwhile, the men stood apart at a respectful distance, as solemn as a group of dour Scotch Presbyterians or New England Puritans in early days.

Then a procession approached from the village with consecrated banners and emblems. It was for Upper Silesia that they were praying this day especially, I was told. Their country's interests were as naturally a part of their prayers as was their daily bread—as was everything that touched their lives. Many knelt at a special shrine before entering the church. But soon the church itself was filled with the kneeling congregation of orange and white which began an antiphonal service in simple shrill song even before the priest arrived. I have never seen a more beautiful or worshipful sight within a church. The whole place seemed illumined with an aurate light (for the dominating brilliant orange was softened to gold) taking its color, not from an ornate altar, but from the golden garments and uplifted faces of these simple folk in prayer.

There was a pause in the services at midday; the men, the women, the boys, and the girls visiting quietly and sedately in separate groups outside the church. Then the service was resumed and carried on through vespers, the people continuing it again, during a part of the afternoon, without the leading of a priest at the altar.

The whole scene, in the midst of the spring that was covering Poland's black fields with the first blossoms of its new freedom and its new hope, was the best possible illustration of Tennyson's line in "Morte d' Arthur" which likens the prayers of the world to "golden chains about the feet of God." It seemed indeed a chain of gold that stretched along the road and across the level fields of Poland from the church toward the horizon this May afternoon.

Warsaw, Poland, May 15, 1921.

ADVENTURE

By MARGUERITE WILKINSON

If the luck change to-morrow,
  Our sun may be seen
Purple, fantastic,
  In a wide sky of green;
Or waves, flowing outward
  Away from the shore
May bring us no music
  To fear and adore.

Our bodies may be broken
  As stones are in quarries,
Our thoughts ground fine
  As grain in the mill
By the passing of hours,
  Since Fate never tarries
For the heat of the heart
  Or the flint of the will.

The day may be filled
  With impossible things—
Saints without haloes,
  Angels without wings—
O my spirit, be ready
  For the hazard, the mirth—
Who can tell the path
  Of the turning earth?

THE MISTAKES OF DR. EINSTEIN

By SYDNEY T. SKIDMORE

WE begin this essay by saying that Einsteinism is an erudite elaboration of sophistry and is closely akin to, if indeed it does not spring from, the same root as classic sophistry. The tap root of that system of philosophy developed in the fifth century before the Christian era, and consisted in a denial of the existence of objective truth. Its thought and attitude can only become intelligible from a presentation of what "objective truth" is, and for this, a little tax must be imposed on the reader's patience.

Its definition is simple enough. It consists of, and includes, the being of all created things and their relativities. It is objective because its essence is independent of subjective thinking which can apprehend it in part—can pick up pebbles of it from an ocean strand—and assemble what is gathered as knowledge. Since it inheres in the essence of created things it is coinstant with their creation.

Creation is originate; and all created things must have a beginning. The first creative act necessitated a "where" for its occurrence, and that where has existed ever since as a changeless objective truth. Each creative act likewise necessitated a where, and the aggregate of all wheres, or whereness, constitutes a changeless, undistortable, frame of objective truth to which the term Space has been applied. Objective truth or "isness" pertains to the wheres or loci in space, and since the loci are fixed, it also pertains to the changeless relations of loci.

The first creative act not only required a where, it also required a when—an instant—for its occurrence. Each creative act likewise required an instant, and the aggregate

of all whens or whenness, constitutes another frame of objective truth, to which the term Time has been applied. Unlike loci, instants are not simultaneous, they are sequential, and their objective truth pertains to a procession rather than to a distribution.

In each creative event, therefore, three orders of objective truth are present, viz., cause, locus and instant. Since history is composed of events, and experience is concerned with them, the foregoing analysis may serve to show what the nature of objective truth is, and also that the objective truths, cause, space and time, supply and equip the generative arena of events, i.e., of physical phenomena.

Objective truths are presented in every fact and may be apprehended in all phenomena. They are not thoughts but they are thinkables, and are cognized by each mind according to its scope. Now, because the Eleatics failed to formulate it or define it as an abstract oneness, the Sophists denied that it had any existence whatever.

Since abstraction plays an important part in this discussion it must receive some attention. Abstraction consists in withdrawing attributes, or qualities, from their home correlatives in nature, and installing them in a psychical abode for mental contemplation. As the word stands it means the separation of something from something; but never a separation of something from nothing. Inception is usually the word for that. There must always be a residue from which the final abstraction is made. The relativity of attributes in and with a thing, although they are mentally withdrawn, is still codestructible only with the thing itself. An abstraction of qualities does not annihilate the residue; nor can a sound philosophy be constructed from the relativities of attributes alone, with the residue ignored. We give the following statement prodigious emphasis because it is so much involved in the reasoning farther on.

No amount of abstraction can resolve a thing to a philosophical nullity nor psychalize it into nonexistence. The residue with its relativities still persists as objective truth.

The relativities of abstractions by themselves are subjective, mental, and may be correct, but are usually incorrect owing to the imperfection of mental action. True science is a developed knowledge of what *is* as revealed by discovery in wide open objectivity, and false or pseudo science is a knowledge of what *seems to be* as revealed by apprehendings in the inclusions of subjective recesses.

Since the Sophists denied the existence of objective truth they could not make it an objective goal of human endeavor. They must by necessity adopt a subjective goal, such as excellence, success, or victory. Truth, with them, was inherent in triumph. Whatever prevailed was true and true because it prevailed and truth had no other significance. It is easy to understand how such a philosophy as that should become reduced by human ambition, selfishness, and deceit, to the direct degradation. The success most esteemed by the Greeks was victory in debate, and after two centuries, Sophistry became such a system of thin verbal trickery that it fell into disrepute, and a stigmatum attached to its name.

Wherever the supreme goal of endeavor has been placed in things other than debate; and smartness of any kind has been substituted for objective truth, as an end anywhere, sophistry works the same degradation. While it appears to be always present as an inseparable corrupter, there have been some well marked epochs in which it acquired such dominance as to shape legislation and thinking and openly display its fruits. This occurred in the ancient sophistry of Greece as such; in medieval sophistry as Scholasticism; and in modern sophistry as Commercialism, Pragmatism, and Education. In war and politics it appears respectable as Strategy. In commercialism, somewhat less so as shrewdness; while in pragmatism and education it often wears the mask of efficiency.

Objective truths are distent and gloriously free. Subjective truths are stifled in mentality and subordinate to the ends of victorious achievement. Apprehendings of objective truths are obtained from objective things and, if incorrect,

they may be checked up and corrected by reference to the things. Apprehendings of subjective truths are mental constructions, apart from things, and uncorrectable since subjectivity is not apt to correct itself. If they are crazed by mental inaccuracy the relativities of such truths are incurably queered likewise.

This presentation of sophistry as a system of thought, seems necessary to establish, by comparison, the validity of the statement made in the beginning of this essay; for we shall try to show that Einsteinism is sophistry, both in its nature, and in its dialectic construction.

It is purely subjective and Protagorean in that it ignores the objective truth of all steadfastness, and all relativity of steadfastness in general being.

There are two orders of relativity; that of the steadfast with changeables; and that of changeables with each other. Einstein relativity is exclusively of the second order. We are not aware that Einstein anywhere formally denies the existence of steadfastness as objective truth, but since it cannot be psychalized he everywhere ignores it, and all arguments for Einstein relativity are based on its non-existence; and it is Einstein relativity, with its astounding pretensions, that we are criticising.

The primary positional steadfasts in nature are the loci (points) in space. The earth and all things in it move, but space units do not. All things in the earth have a first order relativity with the points of space, and a first or second order with each other according as their motions are alike or unlike each other. Now because the points of space are ultra to experience, imperceptible and unsubjective, together with their relativities, their being is summarily denied by sophists and ignored by Einsteinism; and all semblance of steadfastness, like that of car seats in a moving car, or houses on a moving earth, have no steadfast relativity with anything; it is only subjective thinking.

Einsteinism claims to open a vast extension of physics but, if adopted and followed, it would tend to a collapse of

physics because it works from a psychological rather than from a physical basis. The two are in reversion. Physics stimulates discovery by trailing the scent of objective truths occluded in the unknown. Einsteinism represses discovery by holding truth corralled within subjectivity. Even Space and Time, the fundamental containers of those objective truths which physicists are continually transferring from the unknown to the known, are said to be "devoid of the last vestige of physical objectivity." (Schlick, pages 53, 76. Eddington, page 34).*

Physical relativities are of the first order; Einstein relativities are of the second order and pertain to the relations of fluxing events as they are observed. Words such as cause, potential, and force, which are leaders in physics are of rare occurrence in Einstein literature and when used are slipped in edgewise. The relativity of physical effects with their causes is slightly discussed, but the relativity of mental states induced in observers when differently conditioned abounds, and forms the body of argument, and the plenitude of discussion.

Another citation, which shows how completely truth is restricted to the realm of subjective apprehendency, appears in the interpretations given to the Michelson and Morley experiment.

Those investigators truly assumed that if a non-viscous static aether existed, an aether wind opposite to the earth's motion must blow through the moving earth; and that the velocity of light would be different when moving against this wind, than when moving at right angles with it. A very delicate and crucial experiment showed that the earth's motion had no effect whatever on the velocity of light. Now what? Something must be wrong, either with the aether belief, or with the motion of light; and the mathematicians proceeded to explain it, as they usually do, by tinkerings at

* We shall quote in this paper from Schlick's "Space and Time", and from Eddington's "Space, Time and Gravitation", because both these books are recognized as authoritative in Einstein literature and they are somewhat more definite and explicit than Einstein's own writing.

space and time. Fitzgerald and Lorenz devised that everything in the line of motion transforms and contracts, and so increased time was exactly compensated by shortened distance, and the velocity of light, as shown by simultaneous arrival, was apparently unchanged.

This saved a clumsily apprehended aether belief from Michelson and Morley extinction; but Einstein proposed a different explanation. Quite indifferent to the fate of current aether belief, he found the difficulty lurking in the relativities of motion. All things, relatively at rest in a system, maintain that relativity whether the system, as a whole, is moving or not. The motion of a system, moving relatively with objects external to it, has zero effect on the relativity of things within it. The relative direction of city streets abides when their direction from the sun changes continually. Street cars run a mile east in the same time as when running north, although the earth rushes westward one thousand one hundred miles per minute, and northward not at all. The interferometer, mirrors, and source of light, in the Michelson experiment, were all in the same Earth system and therefore the light moved between them through equal distances in equal times, whatever the direction might be. This neither proves nor disproves the existence of an aether, but it does show that if an aether exist it is of such a character that currents and whirls in it do not perceptibly affect the velocity of light. It is not an externality by which the relativity of light movement with it can be sensibly apprehended. Now, because a static aether of a particular character does not exist, the reasoning dialectically pussyfoots into an assumption that there is neither aether nor staticity. The aether is of small consequence in the case, but it is essential to Einstein relativity to put out of existence the principle of staticity as an objective truth and the ultimate physical reference basis of all motion.

Whatever may be true in metaphysics it is certainly true, that in physics such a principle does and must exist, as a physical necessity. A bird does not take the air along with it

in flight; a ship does not take the ocean with it in sailing; a moving car does not take the ties of the road bed with it, and no moving thing takes space with it. Air, ocean, and ties have a static relativity with the moving objects mentioned. Whatever moves has changing relations with everything that does not move precisely as it does; and static relations with everything that does: but a truce to such platitudes. Space contains all moving things which therefore have a shifting relativity with it, because it does not move like them. It is the physical ultimate of staticity since nothing physical exists external to it to which its motion can be referred.

The changing relativity of things with the points of space or instants of time is of the first order (primary) and all changing relativity of things with each other is of the second order (casual).

Einstein relativity is exclusively of the second order. The expounders of it deny that there is any other, and back up the denial by ignoring the staticity of space; but this they cannot do without postulating something in metaphysics external to space which does not move as space does; and this they cannot do; so, to abolish its staticity, they must abolish space itself and replace it by a subjective creation.

Staticity must be removed from the space world to permit the entrance of Einstein curios and non-Euclidian queers. While it abides lineality abides. Forms in space are outlined in it by moveless points, and are differentiated from it just as an island boundary is different from the surrounding ocean. Points of space are located by rectilinear coordinates, and all other coordinates whether Gaussian, polar, or zigzag, only serve to locate places on the surface of a form in space, like the longitude and latitude circles on the surface of a terrestrial globe. They do not locate points of space; they merely locate points with reference to other points on the surface of a form in space. Hence arises the non-Euclidian sophistry of spherics, or eliptical space,

and the Einstein sophistry of space curved and twisted around material bodies, like a swaddling striate aura, and the further sophistry that bodies moving through such space are impelled by inertia along curved rather than straight lines in accordance with a "Principle of Least Action" that the longest way round is the shortest way home, because straight lines would lead across curving hurdles (Eddington, page 105).

Space as such has no form whatever. It is neither curved, flat, nor otherwise. The pure forms of things (the abstract residues) are defined in space by the fixed relativity of its moveless points. This statement squarely contradicts Einsteinism. It is based on logical inherences in objective creation, while its antithesis is grown from subjective apprehendings of shifting things. Whichever is truth, the other is devoid of truth and the choice is yours.

Staticity has been discussed at some length because it illustrates the attitude of Einstein relativity towards all objective truth. Because such truths, when postulated are imperceptible and make no psychic impression, words sophistically used present them as unreals, and cause them to appear as "ambiguities and unnecessary thought elements", (Schlick, page 5) which should be thrown aside as meaningless and obstructive to a path that leads not to truth but to victory; not to amendment and improvement by new tributes of knowledge; but to a revolution of fundamental concepts which throws down an older and erects a new intellectual throne.

This revolution (when achieved) is a promise of something which will cause Newton and Copernicus to seem like infantile prattlers; "inasmuch as the deepest foundations of our knowledge concerning physical nature have to be remodeled much more radically than after the discovery of Copernicus." (Schlick, page 5.)

The signs of such an approaching revolution at present are not very auspicious. While one out of twenty, or possibly fifty, of savants are filling the world with a sounding

applause of it, all the rest are waiting, silent, dubious, and withholding allegiance. Still it may come; for the human world delights in sophistry and dotes on truths of its own creation. Impressionism which is so powerful in Art may also yet prevail in Philosophy.

That Einsteinism presents a revel in such truths is made evident by Eddington in Chapter XII: "The conclusion is that the whole of those laws of nature which have been woven into a unified scheme—mechanics, optics, gravitation, electro-dynamics—have their origin not in any special mechanism of nature but in the workings of the mind."

"Give me matter and motion," said Descartes, "and I will construct the universe." "The mind reverses this," says Einstein. "Give me a world in which there are relations, and I will construct matter and motion." The world thus is what it is conceived to be; is what we think it is. That is precisely what Descartes and Einstein each professed to do. Both are subjectivists—sophists. One would replace the objective truths of real relations, by such queered relations as he could mentally construct from observed things, and the other would replace the objective truths of real things, by such queered things as he could mentally construct from observed relations. Both alike substitute their psychical apprehending of nature's content, for the content itself, and then call it truth.

Recent writings in current literature suggest that many inquiries are baffled in attempts to comprehend Einsteinism. They read about it and think there must be something in it, and so there is, but it is a something not included in their somethingness. It is shapen from non-Euclidian, or what is sometimes termed meta, geometry. This consists entirely of mental constructions that are purely subjective and correspond to nothing in nature. In fact it prides itself on a disbelief or at least a disregard of the existence of objective truth, and boasts that "mathematicians are never so happy as when talking about something of which they know nothing." (Eddington, page 14.) Really it is no geometry at

all, for it measures nothing and disallows all mental standards. It is a fantastic jazz of mathematical symbols, devoid of quanta, in a dance hall, floored by a parquetry of ifs, supposings, and assumptions.

The attitude of Einsteinism toward physics, and the fate of physics by occlusion in this thing, misnamed geometry, is well stated by Eddington (page 183). "As the geometry becomes more complex, the physics becomes simpler, until it finally almost appears that the physics has been absorbed into the geometry." While parading the attractive banner of a "New Physics" or a "New Philosophy," Einsteinism is really nothing but a special chapter in psychology, which is offered as a new style of incubator for hatching nature's eggs.

In popular discussion two things are mixed up in Einsteinism as if they belonged to it, but they do not. One of these is the prediction that space and time will have an end. This is nothing new. It is a philosophical deduct of long standing that whatever has a beginning is finite, and must have a boundary and an ending; and that space and time which began with creation will cease to be when created things become non-existent. The other is a scientific derivative from the electronic theory, and preceded Einstein by a number of years. That theory changed the definition of mass from "quantity of matter" in a body to "quantity of force" in a body. The matter in a body is its mass or force in statu; the motion of a body is its mass or force in motu. Matter and motion together constitute the mass of a body and each is force with a modal difference. Mass and inertia are one and the same thing to which different names are given when differently apprehended.

This was all worked out physically before the time of Einstein and is no part of Einsteinism. If wonderful, it is a wonder of physical discovery and not a marvel of psychical geometry.

A peculiar feature of Einsteinism is that the crux of its doctrines is deeply submerged in mathematical obscurity.

If one asks for proof he is told that it lies in mathematical profundities, quite beyond the reach of anyone other than an adept; and the unintelligible character of Einstein literature fully sustains the statement. Now the English language, with its rich vocabulary, direct idiom, and classic verbal quarries, is quite capable of expressing anything that has a meaning, and of rounding out the proof of any statement that admits proof. To understanding it is a wide open Bible; and cloistered secrets doled out by initiates for aweing the credulous are unnecessary. Proofs that vest in mathematical cryptograms are dubious. Mathematicians choose their own assumptions and, according to the assumption taken, they can prove that truth is truth; or falsehood is falsehood, or truth is falsehood, or falsehood is truth, with equal facility. Mathematics supplied cranks, cycles, and epicycles to Ptolemaic astronomy just as readily as it supplied ellipses, parabolas, and hyperbolas to Copernican. Cryptogramists follow rules of interpretation and have but slight regard for rules of philosophic sense.

A mathematician can only be trusted as far as he can be seen, or objectively checked up. Unlike space but quite like that of a political conscience, the mathematic psychology warps and twists in quaintest fashion to attain an end when left to its own devices. According to Einstein device, Space and Time are inseparable from matter. "Space and Time determinations will henceforth be inseparably connected with matter and will have meaning only when connected with it." (Schlick, page 4.) "Time and Space can be dissociated from matter only by abstraction, i.e., mentally; the combination or oneness of space, time, and things is alone reality; each by itself is an abstraction" (a mental figment). (Schlick, page 6.) "In this way Space and Time are deprived of the last vestige of physical objectivity, to use Einstein's words." (Schlick, page 53.) "Exactly so; Space is an abstraction of the extensional relations of matter." (Eddington, page 8.) What matter has extensional relations with, is not stated; if it be with other matter, the thing that

sustains the relationship is not stated; and you may find out if you can, but not from Einsteinism.

Since Space and Time as thus stated are mental investitures of matter, a bunch of it when moving must either take its space and time along with it as personal property, like clothes, color, or shape; or else find it as a place endowment wherever it goes. We would much like to know whether space is regarded as the mental baggage of travelling matter, or is an omnipresent mental continuum which forms a "oneness" with matter wherever the matter happens to be. We are not told which it is because that would resolve a psychologic mystery that can be handily employed in discussion. It is sometimes convenient to take it one way and sometimes the other.

The matter in other stars is assumed to be rather similar to that of the earth; but it is bunched together quite differently; and that would create different kinds of space and time. That presents no difficulty, however, because "there are different kinds of possible space to choose from, no one of which can be regarded more likely than any other." (Eddington, page 15.) The difficulty becomes serious, however, if it be true that space and time are purely mental determinations. Indeed it becomes an open question whether or not the stars have any space or time worth mentioning. Our mental determination of Arcturian space is restricted to a point; and unless there be a developed mentality in Arcturus, or somewhere else, the poor star has no space other than a point, and no time other than what is marked by star drift. Moreover, if there be any system of physics in Arcturus, it must be quite different from ours, unless the Arcturians have minds like ours, for, according to Eddington, as previously quoted, "the laws of nature . . . have their origin, not in any special mechanism of nature, but in the workings of the mind."

The vice of Einsteinism is that it transfers sense deception from ordinary things which check it up, to space, time,

motion, and energy, which do not check it up, because their nature is ultra to experience.

From a puny bunch of relativity as psychologically impressed on differently conditioned observers, a mathematical explosive has been prepared for deranging established foundations of thought. A petty scheme of psychalized relativity is given as interpretative of a grand world universe filled with objective relativities that have not as yet been psychalized. Its nature is purely subjective and sophistical.—Q. E. D.

SOMEWHERE TONIGHT

On hearing the Evening Bells at Westport-on-Lake Champlain

By JEANNETTE MARKS

Somewhere I have heard bells
Mellow as the moon:
Somewhere they hung and swung,
With slender sound they rose
Tiptoe with hunger for the sky,
Star-pointed with the light of dream;
Somewhere those eager bells whispered of love—
That was another day,
And we were gay!

And now this withered sound's farewell
Swinging like tethered rhyme,
Slow-moving, pendulous,
A sigh upon the water's breast,
A cloud within the sky!
Never for us, Beloved,
Yet somewhere the moon shines and is bright—
Somewhere tonight!

THE GRAIN EXCHANGES

By EDWARD JEROME DIES

ORGANIZED farmers and the American grain trade are locked in the most dramatic struggle in agricultural history. At stake is the nation's grain marketing machinery, built up at a cost of billions of dollars over a period of seventy-three years. Complete junking of this huge food distributing machine, business and financial leaders say, ultimately may rest upon court decisions as to the soundness of new laws.

In the event of the exchanges being destroyed by what is characterized as oppressive restrictions, the giant program of the American Farm Bureau Federation would be put to an immediate test. This program, which contemplates the marketing of the farmers' grain, proposes a one hundred million dollar corporation at one hundred dollars a share, the profits from which would return to the farmers. A fee of ten dollars is required from all who sign contracts to sell through this national agency. The Federation claims one million members, which would mean an additional ten million dollars.

Turmoil beset the grain trade last autumn. Deflation began sweeping the world. Wartime price bubbles were bursting. One commodity after another plunged downward. Agricultural America soon found itself face to face with the distressing problem of over-supply and under-demand—the reverse of conditions of the war years. The inexorable law of supply and demand prevailed. In the world-wide industrial readjustment, wheat continued a

steady decline from about two dollars and seventy-five cents in mid-July, to a level which the farmer regarded as ruinous.

In this heyday of the farm organizer, the exchanges were assailed with charges that they had depressed prices. During the hectic months that followed, Joseph P. Griffin, President of the Chicago Board of Trade, the hub of world grain markets, and his predecessor, Leslie F. Gates, whose term of office expired in January, have been official spokesmen of the industry. In an interview with me, President Griffin summarized the events of the troubled months, the functions of the exchanges, and the outlook for the future.

As President Griffin says, the deluge of grain exchange criticism was most timely. Day after day prices were sagging. Overnight organizers and professional agitators began springing up. They clamored for an affiliation of the growers. Louder and louder they shouted their doctrines, and rapidly their army of listeners grew.

Not satisfied with forming their own societies and experimenting with proposed marketing methods, they demanded class legislation destroying the exchanges. Many organizers also prevailed upon producers to hold their wheat for unreasonably high prices, and thus caused their ruin. This added to the bitterness against the exchanges, despite the fact that they were in no way responsible for economic conditions.

It was not surprising, therefore, that a flood of new bills, most of which would absolutely paralyze the exchanges, were introduced in Congress last January. Chief attention centered upon the so-called Capper-Tincher bill. It was given public hearings before the House agricultural committee. Grain men, millers, elevator operators, bankers, exporters, and even representatives of several farm organizations entered vigorous protest against the measure. In its original form it would have destroyed the exchanges at a single stroke without providing any substitute.

Mr. Griffin and other leaders outlined the prevailing marketing methods. They produced expert testimony

proving absolutely that the exchanges handle grain with less margin between producer and consumer than exists in any other staple commodity. They established beyond doubt that the exchanges were in no way responsible for the world-wide price slump; that price manipulation is utterly impossible under the rigid regulations; that competent, restricted speculation is necessary to provide a liquid market broad enough to absorb all offerings, and that without a futures market there could be no hedging, or price insurance facilities, for the farmers' grain.

Fortunately the last Congress adjourned before the bill, with its vicious provision, could be enacted into law.

The testimony had clarified the principal issues. When the new Congress convened and the subject again came before the House Agricultural committee a new attitude was apparent. During this second hearing late in April, Congressman Tincher explained that the bill had been materially amended so as to retain the futures market because hedging seemed necessary.

The grain men indorsed many provisions of the new measure. The section eliminating so-called "puts" and "calls," or indemnity contracts, was similar to steps previously taken by the exchanges themselves. So were several other sections. Sentence by sentence the bill was studied and agreements were reached on amendments which would prevent complete stifling of the exchanges. After several days of testimony the committee settled upon a measure which, in substance, was acceptable to the entire industry. This bill would have permitted the exchanges to continue functioning properly.

But after the representatives of the exchanges, millers, and exporters had left Washington, the committee held a night session and new sections were inserted in the bill which would delegate to the Secretary of Agriculture arbitrary and autocratic powers without parallel in the history of federal legislation. With the undemocratic principle of government added, the bill was presented to the lower

branch of Congress. The members were advised that it had received the approval of President Griffin and other members of the grain trade who had testified, as well as of all interests concerned; and in this form it was passed by the House. President Griffin very properly declared that incorporation of these objectionable features which, among other things, would permit the Secretary of Agriculture to close the exchanges in the event of a single member not complying with the many provisions, was but "further evidence that much of our legislation is not the result of intelligent deliberation, but rather an attempt to appease the demands or the wrath of elements of our population. And such demands seem to be acceded to, whether right or wrong, merely because of the numerical strength of the voting groups." He added:

"If Congress is really desirous of helping the farmer, then there should be an end to boot-strap legislation. No law-abiding American objects to government as such, but every intelligent American objects to unnecessary extension of bureaucratic control of business. It is well to ponder on President Harding's oft repeated remark, that 'the United States needs more business in government and less government in business'."

Repeatedly the grain exchange executives have pointed out that the responsibility for the farmer's deplorable condition cannot be attributed to any particular group of men. Potentially there is a demand for all the products the American farmer can produce. But European customers are in bankruptcy. The farmer's condition will not be alleviated or relieved until in some way markets of the world are opened to what the farmer has to sell. In Mr. Griffin's opinion, this may necessitate legislation extending credit to European governments, or indemnifying American exporters on foreign credit transactions.

Should the coming harvest, the world over, prove bountiful—and if in the interim drastic legislation upsets the exchanges and likewise the farmers' means of marketing,

Mr. Griffin says: "I dread to think of the condition into which this country will be plunged in a purely economic sense. And it is my deliberate judgment that the grain exchanges would voluntarily withdraw from business rather than submit to intolerable and unfair legislation."

Recognizing the grave dangers embodied in the bill passed by the House, Secretary Wallace appeared before the Senate Agricultural committee in June, and presented a series of amendments which would lighten the bill and, in his opinion, permit the exchanges to continue. He strongly opposed hasty action of radicals toward the destruction of marketing machinery. He said the exchanges performed a most valuable function—that "they constitute the best marketing system we have yet devised."

There were members of the powerful agricultural bloc in Congress, however, who were still prone to revolutionize grain marketing over night, and did not hesitate to express their views.

The grain exchange representatives said that the bill, as amended by Secretary Wallace, represented the maximum concessions under which the exchanges could operate. Even these restrictions might discourage investment and bring about an unnatural market with subsequent turmoil in business.

While Secretary Wallace was urging more sensible federal legislation at Washington, an army of hundreds of farmers marched into the state legislative halls at Springfield, Illinois, in a sensational protest against the pending Lantz bills. These measures, sponsored by agricultural radicals, would have destroyed the Chicago Board of Trade. After one of the bills had passed the state senate, the farmers became aroused to the grave dangers. Carrying scores of banners bearing such inscriptions as "Down With Townleyism," "This Is America, Not Russia," "We Are Farmers, Not Organizers," and "Down With Those Who Farm The Farmer," they swept through the halls and chambers of the Capitol and overflowed into the streets.

The vicious bills were overwhelmingly defeated. The real farmer had been heard. And it was a remarkable exoneration of the grain exchange. Wide has been the discussion in recent months as to what service the exchange renders the farmer. First, it handles his grain on a margin of cost smaller than exists in any other foodstuff. Second, it provides a ready market in which he can dispose of his products at any hour of any business day in the year, at prices based on world supply and demand.

Grain exchanges do not fix prices. They merely provide a meeting place for buyers and sellers, and register prices at which grain is bought and sold. Upon this single point thousands of farmers have been misled.

They have also been misled by the exaggerated evils of speculation. Indeed, the entire fight has been waged against what farmers' representatives have termed over-speculation or attempted price manipulation. Some factions have sought to eliminate all speculation and still retain the hedging facilities—an utter impossibility—and others have taken the stand that since there cannot be a hedging market without some speculation, it would be better to abolish the exchanges.

During the Congressional hearings, President Griffin and Mr. Gates established the fact that to have a hedging market there must be futures trading; and that to deal in futures there must be speculation. It was likewise established that the advantages of the hedging market so far outweigh the few deficiencies, that attempted prohibition of futures trading would cause great economic harm.

From planting until harvest, the farmer speculates upon the uncertainty of the weather. After the harvest and until his grain is sold, he speculates upon price. The same is true of each successive owner until the grain passes to the ultimate consumer. Thus we see that speculation is incident to grain ownership; that in a broad sense all grain owners are speculators.

The speculator in the futures market performs a valuable economic function. He provides a ready market. Without this intermediate ownership, each ultimate consumer would be obliged to purchase at harvest time his entire supply of grain. Some of the quixotic doctrines advanced have practically favored such a method.

The precise manner in which the speculative risks are shifted is very simple. In October a country elevator purchases grain from a farmer with the expectation of shipping and selling it during some later month. At about the time of the purchase, the owner of the elevator sells an equal amount of the same grain for future delivery on the Chicago Board of Trade. This sale is made at a price sufficient to cover the cost of the grain, carrying freight charges, and a fair profit.

By this process the owner of the elevator becomes immune from losses due to a declining market. If the market does drop, the grain in his elevator becomes less valuable, but this loss is offset by the gain on his contract in the futures market. Under such circumstances the process by which his speculative risk was shifted is known as hedging.

This identical process may be used to shift the speculative risk of the exporter who has contracted to sell grain abroad in advance of his actual purchase of the grain. The exporter merely buys an equal amount of the same grain for future delivery on the Chicago market, at a price which will enable him to deliver the wheat abroad at a fair profit. He thereupon becomes hedged and is immune from losses due to a rising market.

In the two illustrated cases, the owner of the elevator resorted to the process of hedging to avoid the speculative risk of grain ownership, and the exporter resorted to the same process to avoid the speculative risk incident to his contract of sale. In both cases, however, the risks were not entirely eliminated, but merely shifted from one person to another. The risk itself cannot be eliminated. Ownership

of grain and the speculative risk of a declining market are one and inseparable.

Similarly, a contract to buy grain in the future and the speculative risk of a rising market are one and inseparable. How then are the owner of the elevator and exporter to avoid the risks incident to their respective relationship? Only by finding others who are willing to assume the risks. It must be some one willing to risk a speculative loss in the hope of making a speculative profit. In other words, the speculative risks of the owner of the elevator and the exporter can only be shifted to those who are willing to speculate upon the price of grain. The elevator owner and the exporter both realize that unless the risk is shifted they themselves will be speculators. By the process of hedging they become conservative business men, and the speculative risk is assumed by those whose business it is to assume such risks. The speculator insures the owner of the elevator and the exporter.

The function of the speculator is identical with that of insurance companies that insure against fire, shipwrecks, tornadoes, thefts and riots. All these companies are speculators in their respective fields. Yet no one doubts that they perform a valuable economic function. Losses cease to be individual and become community losses. By adding to the safety of business operations, insurance permits business to be conducted upon a smaller margin of profit, thus benefiting the community. Speculation in the grain business performs the identical function of insurance in other industries.

Grain dealers may be divided into two classes, speculative and non-speculative. The speculative dealers are called speculators. The non-speculative dealers consist generally of cash grain merchants, millers, warehouse men, exporters, general distributors, consumers, and governments. These non-speculators transfer to the speculators the risks of a fluctuating market.

Abolish this speculation and you eliminate hedging. When you eliminate hedging you have made every holder of

grain a speculator. Then the producer will have to pay losses incident to price slumps. This has been best shown by the number of cooperative elevators that have met financial ruin because they failed to hedge their grain. No conservative banker will make an unsecured loan to a small dealer who fails to hedge his holdings. And without hedging, the margin of cost between producer and consumer will materially widen. It is inevitable. Legislative attempts to suppress futures contracts have uniformly failed. Mr. Griffin points out that Holland tried such a market in 1610; Great Britain experimented with it in 1734; Germany attempted it in 1893. All found that the producer received less for his grain and the consumer paid more. All went back to the existent system. Agricultural economists have declared that no one but the most reckless and thoughtless any longer proposes elimination of exchange trading.

The exchanges today represent the last word in economic marketing. They are the result of evolution down through the ages since the time of Joseph. The method prevents monopoly and price fixing. Without this system it would not be difficult for a few large interests to dictate prices to the farmer.

The Chicago Board of Trade was organized seventy-three years ago by a handful of merchants. It has been the center of the world grain trade for years. Its memberships alone are worth eleven million dollars and it maintains Chicago bank balances of more than two hundred million dollars; in 1920 alone it handled two hundred and forty-four million six hundred and thirty thousand bushels of grain and between 1855 and 1920 it cared for twelve billion three hundred and thirty-four million three hundred and twelve thousand bushels. Thirty thousand persons directly owe their livelihood to the Chicago Board of Trade. Indirectly two hundred thousand are affected.

Vast quantities of grain that never go to Chicago are hedged there. It is the world's clearing house. Dealers in

Europe, Argentina, and Australia, as well as those in scores of cities throughout this country and Canada, use the Chicago market for hedging purposes. So great is the volume of business that an offer in the pit of a million bushels causes almost no fluctuation. Such an offer in the Kansas City, or some other market, would cause a downward swing. Herbert Hoover, after an exhaustive investigation during the war, proclaimed it the most economic method of food distribution in the world.

Despite the magnitude of this institution and its tremendous importance to the entire agricultural and business world, there is a powerful group bent on consigning it to the scrap heap with a devil-may-care wave of the hand. With it would go all the other exchanges—the entire system of grain marketing which has been developed by the best minds of the last three-quarters of a century.

The hub of the world grain trade would be transferred to Liverpool or some other point. A dubious experiment in guild socialism would then be put to test. In North Dakota it failed.

THE LAST CARGO

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

If one last cargo be allowed from seas
  Before last darkness settled on each shore,
A ship from moonlight of the Caribbees
  Would bring the things that won our dreams before.
There would be tang of spices in the hold
  And wine of tropic fruit, and fabrics spun
Of island mists, and new-found pirate gold,
  And bales of flowers full of languorous sun.

The staples of old trade would not be there . . .
  In that last cargo parrakeets would cry,
And skins of jungle leopards would be fair
  By logs of ebony. . . . Then men would sigh
Above the hold with magic in each breath
And say, "The sea sends back our dreams for death!"

SOCIALISTS—THEIR WEAKNESS

By EDWARD G. RIGGS

EVERY now and then you find a business man who is fretted over the Socialist vote for President as recorded on Election Day, November second, 1920. It is no part of my thought to indulge in political discussions. It is, however, perfectly proper to mention and even attempt to analyze any feature in the forces of the nation which may have a bearing on the business progress of the country. And by progress I do verily believe that the word has been greatly overworked within the last few years, especially in certain political circles. Progressivism is to a nation as breath to a human being. But we must progress along the lines of constructive thought and practice, not upon the lines of bedlamite irruption; nor upon the lines that advocate every gimcrack notion of government—federal, state, and municipal—and which try falsely to work them into a cure for the social and economic ills of mankind. Such progress is toward dissolution. I repeat, there should be constructive progressivism with a view to benefiting all the people of our beloved country. Progressivism that would benefit a class, progressivism that would mean the recognition of all sorts and conditions of half-baked theories will not be accepted by our electorate. Americans demand a constructive policy, a definite plan of action, and a practical goal as a guarantee of good faith. They are opposed to bedlamite progressivism. They are utterly constructive. It is even proclaimed in quiet quarters, if flamboyant politicians are not more careful, a reactionary will become really fashionable politically. Finance has become a science. Business has become a science. Both are subject to unchanging laws as final and

determined as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and as positive and unalterable as the law of gravitation. All students of world affairs are quite aware of this fact. And the almighty fulcrum—the law of supply and demand—will be the final verdict in determining all social and economic disturbances in the country.

Many politicians, or rather the leaders of political organizations, especially in our large cities, are at times worried over what they fear to be the alleged growing importance of the Socialist vote. The leaders of political organizations are prone to be over-cautious and sometimes a harsher word is used, for in instances, they are described as more or less cowardly in their fear of any movement which would disturb the equanimity of their organizations. It is not quite just to term these political leaders as cowards. They are naturally prudent and cautious, not only in order to maintain themselves in power, but they well remember at all times that they have a following in their organizations dependent upon their wisdom and prudence and foresight in dealing with any eruptions of the body politic. Courage is always relative, but it should be relative to wisdom and honor.

On several occasions during the recent Presidential campaign, I heard expert political leaders of the city organizations, both east and west, declare it to be their belief that Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist candidate for President, would receive a total vote of three million and more in the entire country. These political leaders based their prophecies, or rather predictions, on what they felt was a general unrest, which was occasioned more or less by a decline in the business of the country, and an increase in the number of the unemployed. Also, these prophets felt that Mr. Debs, being in prison, would have a rather large sympathetic vote. As a matter of fact these political prophets were sadly amiss in their predictions. Again, on last Election Day, was recorded the fact so memorable on previous election days in the history of the country—that

this nation is not Socialistic; it is not Populistic; it is not Bolshevistic—it is truly, soundly, American to the core. And when I say that, I am not in any way differentiating between the two major parties, nor attempting in any way to explain or enter into the disputes of those two parties which led to the result. The election demonstrated again that our electorate will have nothing of the Socialist Party. Furthermore, it demonstrated that our workmen, union and the remaining unorganized working forces of our country, are too utterly practical, too materialistic, if you please, too grounded in common sense, to be taken off their feet by altruistic theories, based on a false idealism and a bastard materialism.

In an effort to enlighten the business men who heard the predictions that Mr. Debs would receive three million and more votes on Election Day, let me submit the following table of the Socialist vote for President since 1892—the only available official figures upon which to base a statement of the actual strength of the Socialist Party, past and present:

Year		*Socialist Vote*	*Per Cent of Total Vote*	*Per Cent of Total Population*
1892	Socialist Labor	21,164	0.176	0.03
1896	Socialist Labor	36,274	0.263	0.05
1900	Soc. Democrats.. 87,814			
	Soc. Labor 39,739	127,553	0.913	0.168
1904	Socialist 402,283			
	Soc. Labor 31,249	433,532	3.2	0.526
1908	Socialist 420,793			
	Soc. Labor 13,825	434,618	2.9	0.489
1912	Socialist 901,873			
	Soc. Labor 29,259	931,132	6.2	0.983
1916	Socialist 590,579			
	Soc. Labor 14,180	604,759	3.3	0.603
1920	Socialist	947,000	3.6	0.896

The explanation of the increased Socialist and Socialist Labor vote in 1912, is that in that year there was a serious division between the Republicans, one wing having renominated President Taft, and the other wing having nominated

Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, while the Democratic Party was not altogether in complete harmony, and many dissatisfied Republicans and Democrats voted the Socialist ticket.

This is borne out by the figures for 1916, when the two major parties were respectively quite harmonious, and the Socialist vote dropped three hundred and twenty-six thousand, three hundred and seventy-three. Then again, in 1920, the Democratic Party was sadly divided, so much so that Democrats voted the Socialist ticket as a protest against going over to the Republican Party. The percentages of 3.6 of the total vote cast by the Socialists in November, 1920, when the total vote cast was twenty-six million, six hundred and sixty-one thousand, six hundred and six, and of 0.096 of the total population of one hundred and five million, seven hundred and eight thousand, seven hundred and seventy-one, are to be looked upon as rather trivial.

Socialism, or Communism, or a community of interest on the part of any sect or class, according to the average man on the street, is a recent product in our public life. As a matter of fact it has been practiced in one form or another for a hundred and fifty years in the life of our country. At one time there were approximately seventy communities or societies where Socialism or Communism were practiced. These included the Shakers and the Oneida Community, which still exist, the former of very much lessened importance, while the latter, organized later on business principles, is a thriving concern. At one time the authorities in a number of the states had to deal with The Harmony Society, the Community of Zoar, the Amana Community, the Bethel and Aurora Society, the Owenites and their branches, the New Harmony Community, the Yellow Springs Community, the Nashoba Experiment, the Fourierites, which had the support of many influential men, Brook Farm—a transcendental movement which, through the cultivation of high intellectual and moral forces, was to reform all the laws of human kind—it was a beautiful dream. The Icarian

Community was another more or less famous society, so also the Cheltenham band, and the Nauvoo Movement which eventually had much influence and power in the establishment of the Mormon Church, in which the Icarians took part.

Many of these organizations had noble thoughts and aspirations behind them, but nearly all ended in disaster, accompanied by more or less recrimination and much litigation. In inception and practice they were contrary to the eternal cosmic practicalities. Moreover, they simply represented man's egoism and they suffered from the egotism of class.

Later on came the development of modern Socialism in the country, between which and the earlier Utopian communities and societies there was a connecting link. But to compare those days with these in the Socialist Party, every scruple, every ideal, every code is apparently gone. The rise of the Socialist Party became more or less noticeable in 1848, but the period of organization really first came under particular notice in the decade between 1867 and 1877, culminating in the formation of the Socialist Labor Party. This was succeeded by the Socialist Party, which is in existence today. It is spoken of as the most unpatriotic, and vicious party ever conceived in the country. It has confronted and it will continue to confront the innate justice of the American mind, which has come to the aid of every object that ever roused American resentment. It is particularly noticeable throughout the history of social communities and societies, of the Socialist Labor Party and of the Socialist Party, that they were inaugurated and organized in almost every instance by non-English-speaking foreigners. Outside of Mr. Debs and Algernon Lee, can one name offhand half a dozen Socialist leaders who are native born Americans? This is the curious fact—that a large majority of these communities or societies were started and fathered by non-English-speaking people. Rightly or wrongly, this fact has been the genesis of the almost generally accepted

belief today that the great majority of our Socialists are non-English-speaking people, nearly all of whom live in the cities of the nation. They are clustered in New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Chicago and Paterson. There is a humorous side to nearly every fact if you will only hunt for it, or it may confront you without particular search. Several years ago, sixty so-called Socialists or "Parlor Socialists," as they were then spoken of, gathered at a very expensive luncheon at a beautiful resort near Greenwich, Conn. At that board the wealth of the average man of the sixty was five hundred thousand dollars. That evening I happened to stumble into one of the participants of that famous luncheon at the club, who told me of the beautiful spread and the choice wines.

"I understand that the average wealth of the gentlemen Socialists at your luncheon to-day was five hundred thousand dollars," I remarked. "Yes," he replied. There was then a desultory discussion as to the doctrines of Socialism as advanced by Karl Marx, and one in the little group suggested that he supposed the sixty gentlemen Socialists were to relieve through their personal fortunes the hard conditions of the poorer Socialists in the country, especially in Chicago and Paterson. "To the devil with them, say I," replied the eminent five hundred thousand dollar parlor Socialist.

This was on a par with L. C. K. Martens, the Russian Soviet "Ambassador" to the United States deported by the Government, sailing from New York City a short time ago in a luxurious saloon steamer suite, amid fastidious and elegant surroundings, while his seventy-five followers were herded in the steerage.

The exceptions in the social organizations founded by non-English speaking organizers were: the Owenite Experiment, which was the dream of Robert Owen, a Welshman; and the Oneida Community, which was the creation of John Humphrey Noyes, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and a law and theology student respectively at Andover and Yale. The Oneida Community was originally purely religious,

with a generous mixture of free love, but Noyes couldn't make it a go on those lines. He then turned it into a communistic settlement, and eventually the conduct of the society was ordered to proceed entirely on business lines; and this society, as already stated, is prosperous. It has a large sales office in New York City.

In the Socialist Labor movement and the Socialist Party movement there have been mingled many thoughts on trade unionism, and other political, social, and economic tenets or panaceas. There have been international and national conventions, and many efforts to organize a Universal Socialist Party. At no time, however, it may be said, have the Socialists of any nation, particularly in the United States, been without the usual party frictions, accompanied by doctrinal schisms. Their divisions and splits and quarrels have been notable features in their organizations, even more so than in almost any party in the country—even the two major parties—and they have been violent enough at times. The disturbances in the Socialist Party really arise because Socialism is founded upon sand, and not upon the rock of fundamentals and sound practical principle. The tenets carry within them the cancer of economic and financial failure. These tenets do not fit in with the practical, material features of the everyday work-a-day world. They destroy the ambitions, the hopes, the aspirations of their members, and put all on an even keel—all upon a dead level—dead level for the rank and file, wealth and prominence for the leaders. About a million or two million years from now, perhaps less, these tenets may be workable; but with human nature as it is to-day, there can be no lasting success in the United States of the Socialist Party. In periods of anger against political bosses there may be an increased vote of the Socialists. In periods of prosperity there will be a decreased vote. There is absolutely no real reason why the business men of the United States should be more than ordinarily interested in the Socialist vote.

Take two notable recent instances of the utter inability

of the Socialists to run things on practical lines. Mayor G. R. Lunn, twice elected mayor of Schenectady, N. Y., found he could not conduct his office on the lines of his Socialistic tenets. He thereupon turned Democrat. Now comes another notable defection from the Socialist ranks. After being a member of the Socialist Party for more than six years, and elected on that ticket by one of the largest majorities ever accorded to a mayoralty candidate in Davenport, Ia., a city of sixty thousand population, Dr. C. L. Barewald has repudiated Socialism by resigning his membership in the party nine months after election. His resignation, which was accompanied by a scathing criticism of Socialist principles and theories, was a result of the impracticability of Socialism when applied, and the cancerous growth of radicalism within the ranks of the party.

Dr. Barewald, giving his reasons for his act, adds:

"Socialism, the father of that errant child, Bolshevism, can never ascend to power in the United States because of the same weaknesses which have been inherited by the latter. Perhaps the greatest weakness of the Socialist Party is that the rank and file are made up of discontents who air their grievances with the world in general and the Government in particular at every meeting. Every Socialist local is a mutual grievance society. There may be some Socialist victories, but at best they will be sporadic and of mushroom life. Not only are the doctrines indifferent, but they are basically opposed to the domestic and religious life of the world. These theories, if actually carried out, naturally, according to the Socialist spellbinder, mean the immediate annihilation of personal ownership of capital. Annihilation of the family, and eventually of civilization, would follow as a matter of course.

"After two bitter political battles, the last one successful, I discovered that Socialism was not so much idealism as it was organization, simply to place another party in power with the ensuing scramble for political plums. I learned that a good many members of the party did not know much

about the basic principles of their platform, and also that there was no such thing as compromise, and that there is no appeal from the decision of a radical. There is a way by which the unrest and discontent of to-day can be eliminated, but I have learned to my sorrow that Socialism is not the proper method of procedure.

"The solemn duty of every true American is to register a protest to that which is not just, and in some way supply a remedy for the correction of present day evils; but justice will never be attained by advocating remedies which are false from their very foundation."

Combat it as one will, or as many well known Socialists attempt to combat it—the very general belief is prevalent in the country that the Socialist Party, like most of their leaders, is made up of non-English-speaking peoples. Without going into details there can be no harm in remarking that this fact, or this alleged fact, has been detrimental to the standing of the Socialist Party; this on the theory that nearly all racial complexions in our country sink, especially after the first or second generation. It has been the accepted belief of our country from the foundation of the government that its affairs shall be directed by American citizens who accept without question the Constitution of the United States, and the various state constitutions. This was the apparent intention of the United States Constitution, when it declared that no foreign-born citizen should become President of the United States. That was the kernel, the foundation stone of the ethnological decree that our country must be headed by a loyal American in full sympathy with the Constitution, who would not take one step or advance one thought to overturn the greatest Republic of ancient or modern times. A writer in *World's Work,* speaking of this ethnological side of America's citizenship, says:

"One of the astonishing facts brought out by a study of immigration statistics is that the purely British element in the United States at the present moment—meaning those whose racial origin was England, Scotland or Wales, or

those whose parents, one or both, were born in those countries—while somewhat smaller than the German, is considerably greater than the Irish. This fact is such startling news to most newspaper readers that only the actual statistics will convince one that it is true. In 1910 there were five million, sixty-three thousand, three hundred and eleven people in this country who were themselves born in Great Britain or Canada, or who had one or both parents born in Great Britain or Canada. At the same time there were four million, five hundred and four thousand, four hundred and fifty-six people who were born in Ireland or who had one or both parents born in Ireland. Another significant fact is that the number of British born is steadily increasing. In 1890 the numbers for the British born were three million, nine hundred and eighty-three thousand, five hundred against four million, seven hundred and ninety-five thousand, six hundred and eighty-one for the Irish, but since then the British element has surpassed the Irish. The increasing prosperity of Ireland in recent years and the industrial unrest of England probably explains the fact that the English are arriving now in greater numbers than the Irish; the fact that Ireland is a very small country compared with England is also important. In the great immigration that took place in the two years preceding the world war, the English were much more numerous than the Irish or the Germans, and in the flood which is now commencing, the same tendency is even more marked. Washington reports that the largest racial element now landing at Ellis Island is Italian; and that the second is not, as might be expected, Southeastern European, but English.

"One of the results of the world war will probably be to improve the quality of immigration. America's best immigrants have come from Northwestern Europe — Great Britain, Ireland, Germany and the Scandinavian countries. The United States can readily absorb and assimilate all the people in these countries who care to emigrate. In a generation or two the peoples from these countries become part

of the national fibre; there are isolated groups among them, indeed, who seek to maintain their 'ethnic individuality,' and to uphold the torch of hyphenism, but the great mass soon cease to regard themselves as anything but native stock. And it is a happy augury for the future of civilization that, of the ninety-five million white people at present within the continental limits of the United States, fifty-five million or more than half, are of British origin. This fact should silence the critics, here and in Europe, who describe the United States as an incoherent mass of antagonistic races. The fact is that these fifty-five million constitute the largest single British population in the world today. There are more people of British origin in the United States at present than in Great Britain itself; the actual figures are fifty-five million in this country against thirty-seven million in England, Scotland and Wales. For every two representatives of the British race found in Great Britain, there are thus three in our own country."

There was considerable interest in the recent experiment now called the "Norfolk Idea." Was it a socialistic or a semi-socialistic movement? In brief, the "Norfolk Idea" was the use of capital, assets, and credit of organized labor in a fight to force employers to meet its demands. In other words, the machinists as a union bought up the outstanding obligations of the Crescent Iron Works and thus gained control of the works, and support of the movement was furnished through the extension of credit and the active cooperation of affiliated branches of organized labor and of the banks.

After a few months the "Norfolk Idea" has gone to smash, and the Crescent Iron Works are in bankruptcy. The experiment was not economically sound. The labor men had no experience in handling capital. The smash of the "Norfolk Idea" is another evidence that business is a science, finance is a science, and that labor men and all concerned must appreciate that fact.

SOCIALISTS—THEIR STRENGTH

By JAMES ONEAL

THERE are those who sincerely believe that the Socialist movement in the United States is declining in prestige, power, organization and votes. One of the main reasons for this belief is the comparatively small increase of the Socialist vote cast in 1920. Compared with the vote of 1912 the increase is admittedly small, but comparisons are illusory when they fail to take into account any factors which entered into one election and not in the other. Are there any such factors worthy of attention? I think there are.

The election of 1912 occurred in a time of peace. Socialists freely competed in the open forum of discussion with the other political parties. In 1920 conditions had changed. Our candidate for President, Eugene V. Debs, was in prison. Our press was all but destroyed by the ukases of Mr. Burleson. In the first months of the war several thousand local organizations of the Socialist party were swept aside, destroyed, by the extra-legal action of our opponents. No meetings could be held, no literature distributed. Thousands of the smaller cities and towns were in the grip of local war dictatorships. The old spirit of tolerance had passed. Uniformity of opinion was decreed. For the period of the war and long after the armistice, unorthodox views were regarded as impertinent and suppressed as "seditious."

From personal knowledge, as a member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist party, I can testify to the wreck of the organization we had in 1920. But in addition to the shower of blows that rained upon us from the outside there developed an internal schism within the Socialist party. There were those who were obsessed with

the idea of an immediate revolution and they attempted to take the organization by storm. They were defeated, but the internal struggle with its inevitable loss of membership left the Socialist party prostrate when the campaign of 1920 confronted us.

As an organization the Socialist party had become so exhausted that it had no funds and its organizations had disappeared in many of the states west of the Mississippi. In quite a number of these states it was even necessary to send men from the east for the purpose of seeing that an electoral ticket was placed upon the ballot. In other states many members found their way into the Farmer-Labor party, the State of Washington becoming a complete loss to us from this source. In the Dakotas, Minnesota, and a few other states former members of the Socialist party became allied with the Nonpartisan League of Farmers.

The "radical" forces in general were scattered and demoralized in 1920. The coercion and persecution of the war period had not yet spent itself and these forces had no opportunity to crystallize. Amusing enough, a Chicago Congressman announced that there was reason for believing that we were in receipt of millions of Soviet gold! When this statement appeared in the press the National Executive Committee was unable to ascertain whether it would be able to find the funds necessary to pay the expense of a single session!

In short, the Socialists of the nation waged a campaign in 1920 under tremendous difficulties. In the smaller communities of the west we have reason to believe that thousands of voters were intimidated and refused to vote. In the face of all these obstacles the Socialist party received nearly one million votes. The Farmer-Labor party received nearly three hundred thousand votes and in some respects its program was similar to ours, especially concerning the recognition of Soviet Russia.

That we would have made more progress if we had been able to protect ourselves against coercion is evident from

the vote in New York State. In this state Debs received sixty three thousand votes in 1912; Allan L. Benson received forty six thousand in 1916; Debs received over two hundred thousand in 1920. In the larger cities of the state and particularly in Greater New York we were able to preserve our right to a public hearing with the results noted above.

But there are other factors to be considered before conclusions can be drawn regarding the future of the Socialist movement in the United States. For the first time since 1893 there is an insurgent movement in many of the progressive labor unions in favor of independent political action by the organized masses. Its program is somewhat vague but it bears a "Socialistic" cast. In the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor at Denver this insurgency carried a resolution in favor of nationalization and democratic management of the railroads, coal mines and other "basic industries." The Farmer-Labor party represents the advanced section of this insurgency.

In the Northwest there is an insurgent movement in the rural sections more or less allied with the organized masses of the cities. Large sections of this movement are forever lost to the old historic parties of American capitalism. This insurgency has not reached a stable basis. Here it has worked in alliance with the Farmer-Labor party, there it is known as the Nonpartisan League. In Montana, owing to the terrorism fomented by its enemies, it even went into the Democratic primaries and captured them. In Colorado a similar situation occurred. There are other cross currents in the West which indicate new alignments.

Nor is this a return to the populism of the eighties with its stressing of cheap money. Instead of pressing questionable money nostrums this vague coalition of rural and urban workers is advancing economic programs and issues intimately related to the economic welfare of the producing masses. The amazing insolence of its reactionary enemies during the war period, the persecution to which thousands were subjected because of their economic beliefs, have made

it impossible for the parties of capitalism to obtain a reconciliation with those active in this insurgent movement. Every political revolt in American history since the adoption of the Constitution has issued out of the West. This region now offers an interesting study to those who think that the Harding vote is any basis for judging the situation.

In addition to all these factors is the further fact that there is widespread disillusionment regarding the outcome of the world war. Cynicism is rampant. Millions who heartily believed in the statements and promises of the diplomatic sharps, believe themselves the victims of a cruel hoax. They believe that they were promised what they never received and that they have received what they were never promised. The Carthaginian peace, the quarrel over petroleum, the greed of the victorious powers, increasing armaments and the tremendous campaign at home for the destruction of the labor unions have all contributed to this disillusionment.

The present period is reminiscent of the fifteen years before the election of Lincoln to the Presidency. The anti-slavery sentiment of that period found expression in the Free Soil party. In 1848 Van Buren was accepted as the Free Soil candidate and that party polled nearly three hundred thousand votes, the largest it ever received. In the next presidential election the vote was reduced by more than one-half. The sixty or more anti-slavery papers published in 1848 had been reduced to sixteen two years later, which was less than the number published in 1840. Van Buren's return to the Democratic party after the election of 1848 was followed by general demoralization, factional struggles and prostration of the anti-slavery political movement.

Yet the movement was only twelve years later to triumph with the election of Lincoln. The heavy decline in the Free Soil vote after 1848 made its enemies rejoice. Yet the period of prostration was followed by crystallization of Conscience Whigs, Liberty Men, Free Soilers, Anti-Slavery Democrats and Independents into a new party that was to carry the anti-

slavery banner to victory. Many gathered into the new organization did not fully comprehend what was happening until the election of 1856 unfolded the one dominating issue of the politics of that period.

Today the same scattering of forces is apparent and only a small fraction of the Socialist publications have survived the reactionary storm of the war period. There is groping for new light and a feeling for a new alignment. Perhaps it is in process of realization. The recent national convention of the Socialist party adopted this significant resolution:

> "Resolved: That the incoming National Executive Committee be instructed to make a survey of all radical and labor organizations in the country, with a view of ascertaining their strengths, disposition and readiness to cooperate with the Socialist movement upon a platform not inconsistent with that of the party, and on a plan which will preserve the integrity and autonomy of the Socialist party.
>
> "Resolved: That the National Executive Committee report its findings with recommendations to the next annual convention of the Socialist party."

It is possible that this decision may result in the formation of a powerful organization like the British Labor Party, each affiliated organization maintaining its own autonomy, yet each cooperating with all in a national movement for independent representation of the workers of the nation. The program could be nothing else than one with a Socialist objective for this is the drift of the striving of the organized masses in all modern nations of the world. There is within this movement the possibility of a repetition of Free Soil history. Who knows?

After all, politics is the organization of economic interests with the view of incorporating these interests into laws. Mighty impersonal economic forces at the base of society work their will regardless of what we wish. The plantation system served by slave labor died because of the development of an economic factor over which politicians had no control.

Intense cotton culture exhausted the rich soil of the South. The southern ruling class had to expand into new

territory or its economic regime would become bankrupt. The southern leaders intrigued to secure Cuba for new slave territory and failed. They tried revolutionary expeditions in Central America and failed. They waged war in Kansas for new territory and failed. Facing the need of territorial expansion to save the slave regime, knowing that a Republican triumph meant no more slave territory admitted as states to the Union, the election of Lincoln was the death knell of the old regime. The issue was drawn by the rapid exhaustion of the soil of the South and this important economic factor registered its decree in the politics of that time.

The modern system of large scale production also faces a similar need of expansion into new territory and it is this factor that decides political events and the future of the United States as it does the future of all nations organized on a capitalistic basis. The tremendous consolidation of capital into great organizations has evolved powers of production no other age has ever known. Surplus capital accumulates at such a rate that domestic opportunities will not absorb it. It must find an outlet into other territories; hence expansion, hence increasing investments overseas.

But the investor cannot invest his capital in Mexico, Central America or China without becoming interested in the laws, customs, habits and institutions of these countries. These often serve as so many barriers to the "development" of the resources of these backward areas. They must be swept away. They are swept away. Hence the need of armaments to protect trade, loans and investments abroad.

There is no choice, no more than there was for the leaders of the old South. Accumulating surplus capital must find an outlet to avoid stagnation at home, yet capitalism cannot go abroad without coming into conflict with the social life and political institutions of the weaker peoples. The lower social systems must capitulate to the higher, either by "assimilation" or by force of arms. Two fundamentally antagonistic social systems could not exist side by

side in the United States. We are reaching a stage when two or more opposing social systems cannot survive in the same world. The weaker ones will either be conquered by imperialist might or they will consent to be transformed into an image of the menacing big capitalist powers.

This means imperialism, armaments, censorship, aggressive diplomacy and the certainty of war. The United States cannot be an imperialist bully abroad and a benevolent ruler at home. What it does abroad it must do at home in an effort to silence criticism. The same is true of the other modern states that have entered the cycle of modern capitalistic production. As the governments come more and more to serve the investing and financial interests of the nation abroad, as the need of expansion to serve an imperialistic interest becomes more apparent, the idea of dying for the glory of American oil investors in Mexico will appear ludicrous to increasing numbers of thinking people.

Finally, just as the territory into which the old slave regime of the South could expand was limited, so the territory into which the modern imperialist powers may expand is limited. As this territory narrows, as the world becomes capitalistic, the surplus of capital for overseas investment increases while the area for its investment decreases. What this means for the United States may be apparent to all.

I have no fears as to the future of the Socialist movement in this country. In fact, a close study of many financial journals for the past year convinces me that the "best minds" of the present social order are much more puzzled about the future of capitalism. The whole world drifts, the statesmen and financiers know not where. They hope for the best and yet are possessed with fear. The old order seethes with economic contradictions which they are unable to solve. Millions are in need of American goods and nearly four million are unemployed here. The allies want a German indemnity and when the Germans offer goods these are spurned as a pestilence. Yet masses in both France and England could use these goods. Capitalism depends on a

trade revival and up goes the highest tariff wall in our history.

The future of capitalistic "civilization" is a more important item on the international agenda than the future of the Socialist movement. We can take care of ourselves, but it is doubtful if that can be said of the protagonists of the existing "order."

GOLDEN BIRDS

By HARRY LEE

I know a flight
Of golden birds
Attends me
Everywhere I go,
The air is golden
With their wings,
Their songs
Like golden rivers
Flow.

My golden birds
Are golden prayers
That little children
Say for me,
They send them
From their hearts
To God,
He knows my need
And sets them free.

And so I care not
What the road,
Nor how the winds
Of heaven blow
I know a flight
Of golden birds
Attends me
Everywhere I go.

BEETHOVEN OR BASEBALL?

By LEONARD LIEBLING

IT is relatively only a short distance in degree from Babe Ruth to Beethoven, or from Beethoven to baseball, if you will. In the daily newspapers the distance is about two pages, at some times Babe Ruth coming first, and at others, Beethoven being nearer the hotly coveted front page. It is merely a question of what is termed make-up. On special occasions both Babe Ruth and Beethoven are relegated to the rear in order to make way for a piece of prodigious news, such as, for instance, the pummelling duet between Dempsey and Carpentier, a particularly atrocious murder, a Man-o'-War breaking a world's record, or the reprint of the unexpurgated versions of the love letters from a modern Minnehaha of fashion to a cavalierly Hiawatha of the Canadian backwoods.

The only known way for Beethoven to get himself on the front page, would be for him to surpass the batting average of Babe Ruth, or to challenge that striking personage to a contest at Jersey City on Labor Day, for the heavyweight symphonic championship of the world, with Tex Rickard as the impresario.

Beethoven is dead, however. Ergo, he never will get himself on the front page of an American daily newspaper.

Beethoven has been front-paged in Europe, that is, in Germany and Austria where the best known daily journals have a habit of dividing the initial page in two, with a ruled line across the middle, the upper half of the space being devoted to international news and politics, and the lower being given over to a department called "Art, Science, and Literature." Perhaps that is what caused the war.

The wily reader will have guessed from the foregoing that the specific grievance which the writer of this screed has on his mind, is the manner in which the daily newspapers of this country treat Beethoven and music and musicians generally. And the way they treat the tonal art and its creators and exponents, is exactly the way they treat sculpture, painting, literature, and the sciences.

Sculpture is the veritable step child of the dailies. A news item about the Venus de Milo never could crowd a cotton report or the society column unless Poiret or some other equally noted couturière (of Paris, of course), would declare that the débutante of today has a better figure than the Milo lady. A prohibition joke about the snakes of the Laocoon might get that piece of statuary a pictured place in the illustrated comic supplement.

Painters are mentioned when they figure in divorces or sue wealthy patrons for unaccepted portraits. Writers are projected into the news when best sellers make them millionaires, or when they utter a prophecy about a prize fight. Shaw got more publicity recently for saying that Carpentier's ringside odds should have been fifty to one, than for writing his new Methuselah book—perhaps the best work he ever did. (He says so himself.)

Edison's greatest inventions never procured for him one-thousandth part of the attention and discussion he was given in the daily press for asking his intended employees a set of commonplace questions, which were editorialized, paraphrased, ridiculed, praised, and condemned day after day for weeks.

Some years ago the chronicler of these lines was breakfasting in Los Angeles when he picked up one of the local morning newspapers and read a half column telegraphed press association story about a Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. About the music played and sung there? Oh, no. The tale was about a young woman who made her début in one of the new gowns which were modish at the moment, the kind of garb that

consisted of a very low bodice, nothing much above the waist, and held up by two thin strips of material across the shoulders. Women will recognize this description. The telegraphed "news story" told not a word about the voice or musical accomplishments of the débuting artist, but related in detail with coarse humor how at a certain high tone taken by the performer, the shoulder fastenings slipped or broke, and there was revealed to the astounded audience that which was meant to be hinted at perhaps, or delicately accentuated, but certainly never displayed in full view in public. The same morning that brought the delectable story to the breakfast table at Los Angeles, saw it of course also—through the Associated Press—at the matutinal meal in Bangor, Maine, Jacksonville, Florida, Galveston, Texas, and Seattle, Washington, to say nothing of several cities, towns, and villages.

Only a week or so later, in San Francisco, another musical item, again a half column or so in length, was wired from New York and published in the *Pacific Coast* as well as the rest of the newspapers throughout the United States. This time the headlines told that the story concerned the début of Geraldine Farrar in the opera "Carmen," with Caruso as her associate, singing the part of Don José. It seemed too good to be true that the press associations should be telegraphing all over the land a review of the first appearance in a role new to her, of a gifted and artistic American prima donna. Of course, the event was highly important. "Carmen" was an opera almost universally known; Calvé had made its title-part a pet of the operatic public through her seductive and daring impersonation and interpretation; Farrar was a markedly popular figure in our musical life, and it was to be expected that every one would wish to know how her version of "Carmen" would compare with that of the Calvé presentation. A reading of the San Francisco (Associated Press) report showed to at least one pair of astonished eyes, a detailed account of a quarrel and physical encounter between Caruso and Farrar, and a verba-

tim report of the dialogue that took place between them when they reached the wings after the first act, about as follows:

"You are no artist to push yourself in front of me as you did!"

"I didn't push myself in front of you!"

"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"I never shall sing Carmen with you again!"

"You never will get the chance!"

The rest of the narration dealt with the glaring and sputtering indulged in by the pair of artists during the balance of the evening. (Truth compels the information that Farrar and Caruso sang in "Carmen" together many times thereafter, and are to this day the best of friends.

When Farrar did "Zaza" for the first time her costume, or rather the lack of it, was the feature of much of the writing published about her work in that opera. Caruso's fear of blackmailers and the evil eye, Caruso's trouble, not zoological, at the Central Park Zoo, Caruso's romantic entanglement with a matron who rushed across the seas and permitted the surprised Americans to see her two sons of Caruso—the tenor's later marriage to some one else—his discharge of his cook for not making spaghetti properly—the notorious jewel robbery of last year — the serious recent illness of Caruso—all those matters had more extended consideration in the dailies than the best performances ever given by the premier tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Tetrazzini's newspaper fame rests chiefly on her published cooking recipes, Cavalieri's on her syndicated beauty hints, Mary Garden's on so many sensational episodes and sayings that one cannot quote them all, Paderewski's on his long hair and his Premiering in Poland, Alda's on suit and counter-suits concerning Wall Street operations, Galli-Curci's on her divorce and remarriage, Schumann-Heink's on the fact of her having so many children, Kreisler's on

adventures in the early part of the war. And the list could be added to interminably and inanely.

One views the total list of publishments through the years with a feeling somewhat akin to horror, and asks one's self: "Is this what the American public desired, or is it what the newspapers make the American public think it desires? And if this sort of thing is to go on, will the man in the street, and the woman in the avenue, and the young people in the alleys, ever get the correct artistic perspective and have the proper conception of the dignity of art? When will the newspapers begin to teach the public, for instance, that Caruso is important, not because he makes millions, but because he makes music?

Whose fault is it all—that of the public, or the newspapers? Unhesitatingly it may be said that the blame rests on the latter.

When the first singer, and player, and composer came to this country the public did not storm the early editions of the dailies for details of what those persons ate, wore and possessed, and research among the diurnal publications of the period fails to bring to light any of the cheaply sensational matter exploited in the papers of later times about musical and theatrical figures of prominence. In fact, the early settlers in this country were of a somewhat serious bent of mind, and even after the new land was well under way and boasted a goodly population, there was much choral singing indulged in, oratorio performances were frequent, and the accounts of such occasions and of artists who appeared there and at operatic representations, were dignified, and kept to the musical phases of the matter.

At a newspaper men's convention in New Orleans, the compiler of these lines was given an eagerly desired opportunity to address the many editors and publishers represented there, and after he had told them most of the facts already given, he wound up somewhat like this, as nearly as he can remember:

"The usual reply which you give me, as individuals,

whenever I present my indictment to a city-editor, publisher, newspaper proprietor, or editor-in-chief, is that the public desires sensational news and tawdry personal anecdotes. I say to you that the public does not desire them. As you do not give the public anything else, and dress up even your sober facts and commonplace material with scarehead captions, and flashy, sensational description, you are not in a position to know whether the public would accept something better if you furnished it.

"The average reader is not highly cultured, highly ethical, or even highly intelligent. He is, however, highly impressionable. There was a time when not all the newspapers played and preyed upon the last named characteristic. It was only when the race for circulation and advertising began, that the style of journalism commenced its steady march toward debasement—a march that has not stopped, and has drawn more and more followers into the procession from year to year. What do you newspaper merchants flaunt in the faces of the public about your own journals? In the public square here at New Orleans, the leading daily advertises itself in a huge electric sign. Does that sign tell anything about the literary value of the paper, its reputation for truth and accuracy, its service to the public as a medium of news? No. It tells of huge daily editions, greater than all the other papers combined, and of advertising bulking in quantity more than that of all its rivals together. Such signs you can see everywhere, in every city. And when the newspapers print their own praises in their own columns, they usually tabulate schedules epitomizing the number of readers and of lines of advertising gained by them during the current year, or month, or week—such tables being compared with the showing made by the rival sheets, and the inference being drawn that they are not as desirable as reading or advertising mediums.

"Large circulation brings a high advertising rate, and a large circulation is obtained by giving sensational matter

in a sensational manner to the greatest possible number of persons who would answer to such an appeal. Newspapers that held out for years against the lowering of their journalistic standards; finally had to give in or succumb, and now one sees them dressed up in motley capering cheaply before the crowd, and becoming dollar collectors instead of leaders of public thought. It is all your fault, gentlemen—you collectively and individually are responsible; no one else."

The speech met with much applause and many such expressions as "Fine," "Right-O," "Good for you," "That's what we need," "Great Stuff," and the like. There was much guilty laughter during the enumeration of all the "stories" which had taken the place of real musical news and constructive artistic discussion. What good did the sincere speech and the guilty laughter accomplish? The reader is able to judge for himself today.

One of the great editors of the south said to the earnest deliverer of the speech: "The city and news editors are the fellows to blame. As a rule, they do not know anything about music. They just print news and human interest stuff. They rely on the music critic to handle music."

Oh, Human Interest, (in the newspaper sense)—what crimes are committed in thy name!

When we arrive at the music critic phase of the situation, is the problem solved? Does the remedy lie in their hands? By no means. In the first place, the music critic handles a subject which is the traditional Sanskrit to the news and city editors, and publishers, and proprietors, and they do not even know that their critic deals with his topic in a manner that makes it Sanskrit also to most of the readers of the paper. Poor Beethoven might be expected to get decent treatment from the music critics, but he doesn't. True enough, he is not held up to ridicule, and the music critics do not relate that Beethoven ate meat with his fingers, and suffered from disease not usually mentioned before children—but on the other hand, they make him appear to

be a forbidding personality, and his works a series of cryptograms, by the highly specialized and technical style in which they write about both. The critics always are speaking about the "select concert goers," the "inner brotherhood of music," "the small band of judicious listeners," and the like. That happens because the poor music critic is made to feel by the city and news editors that he and his department are considered in "make-up" importance to follow far after the "Obituary," "Arrival of Buyers," and "Utica Cheese Market" columns. After a while the music critic feels his lowly position, but wraps himself about with an air of aloofness and lofty cultural superiority, and consoles himself with the reflection that he is purveying a great message to the exclusive few that understand it and him. Again, therefore, the general public is cheated of its proper view of Beethoven, and of music. Babe Ruth is written about in language that every elevator boy and every college professor could and does understand. Beethoven is lectured about in a professional jargon that neither one is able to decipher, unless the professor belongs to the Ku-Klux-Klan which the critics seem bent on trying to build up.

In New York there are one or two critics who never lose an opportunity to call themselves the arbiters of public musical taste there—the standard bearers of tonal culture, and so forth. They have been writing in the metropolis for over a quarter of a century. Of late, they have taken to bemoaning the passing of the good old times in music, the deterioration of singing at the Metropolitan Opera, the cheapening of symphony programs, the vitiation and degradation of the taste of audiences. Again one asks a self-addressed question, and answers it: "If all this is true, what then, has been the influence of those Solons and arbiters for twenty-five years or more? Who read them? And if they were read, they evidently were not believed."

The trouble is that the critics were not read by the masses, and the general public has developed its own musi-

cal taste and tendencies, which naturally must be of a primitive and democratized kind.

Who really desires to know that "the first movement opens with a theme for oboe, which is then taken up by the tympani and developed contrapuntally until the subsidiary motif appears in the double base, the strings meanwhile employing a running accompaniment over an ostinato, A flat held by the united brasses?" Who is instructed by the information that "in the Beethoven Sonata, opus fifty-seven A., Benno Moisievitsch buried the spirit of the composer under a suffocating cloak of objectivity, hiding entirely the brio of the scherzo, and making a metronomic accent of the delightful triplet figure in unison which gives the finale its highly romantic character?" The only persons who read such matter are those who understand it, chiefly professional musicians, and in nine cases out of ten, they do not agree with the opinion expressed by the writer.

Then come the contradictions of the disagreeing doctors of music, and the poor lay mind becomes more confused than ever. The *Musical Courier* ran a department for many years called: "What the Jury Thinks," in which the opinions of the various music critics were set forth in parallel columns, often with highly ludicrous results. A few years ago, the following appeared in one of the *Musical Courier* issues, the quotations being culled literally from the daily newspapers:—

"M—— did not sing in tune all evening."

"M—— never was out of tune in a single one of her songs."

"The symphony was led by —— in a dull, pedestrian manner."

"A spirited and enlivening performance of the symphony formed the piece de resistance of the concert."

"The audience was very friendly."

"The audience seemed extremely chilly."

"A large tone was not in evidence in ....."s playing, nor was it of mellow quality."

"Distinguishing traits of ——— are his voluminous tone, and its very sympathetic and ingratiating quality."

Of examples like the foregoing, there were actually thousands in "What the Jury Thinks," the most amazing differences of opinion being not in matters of taste, but in matters of fact. If one critic said that a singer sang flat, another would assert that she sang sharp. If A declared that a composer imitated Debussy and Wagner, B would maintain stoutly that his music was an exact copy of Gounod and Tchaikovsky, and so it went.

In many instances, musical persons stopped reading the criticisms and decided to form their own opinions. When a lay reader occasionally chanced upon a technical piece of writing he was in danger of having his own musical enjoyment spoiled, as happened to merchant X, who went to a concert with his wife and liked it exceedingly. Next morning he read the criticism of one of the papers and found that "the conductor hurried the tempos unmercifully, blurred the outlines, and caused many technical slips in the orchestra through his breakneck speed." Meeting Merchant Z at luncheon, X is told by him: "I saw you at the concert last night—Great, wasn't it?" "Do you think so?" is the reply of X; "I don't agree with you. I thought the fellow was too anxious to get through. It all sounded kind of blurred and confused. The players got sort of mixed up." Merchant Z, himself no musician, lapses into respectful and shamed silence, and probably says in mental soliloquy: "I don't know anything about music anyway, and I never shall. I think I'll stay away from concerts altogether and go to vaudeville and movies where I can understand things without charts and diagrams to explain them."

How is Beethoven to get his proper place with the people? How is Babe Ruth to get his with the inner brotherhood of mysterious and sophisticated music lovers?

For both Babe and Beethoven have a rightful place in the large scheme of things. The daily newspaper could help to regulate the matter by cutting down a bit on Babe, and playing up Beethoven a great deal more. The public gets most of its education and information from the daily newspapers. This capacity for influencing people should be used by the press with discretion and taste. Why go the easiest way, if it is the worst ethically and spiritually?

Give the sporting editor less rope, and the musical editor more. Make the music critic write for a larger audience and in terms which they will understand. Ban technical terms and foreign expressions and let the average reader know that music is something human and close to God, and to the heart of X and Z, and you, and the elevator boy, and all of us.

Primarily, however, the daily newspapers should help the nation to establish an artistic morale by devoting to things of the spirit some of the space now given over to considerations of the pocketbook.

These are times when it is easy to lead the people away from contemplation of the beautiful, and imbue them with the ideal of commercialism. America has developed sufficiently in business proficiency and political significance. Our rude pioneering is over. We have money. Our money should buy us pause in the devastating game of material advancement. Let us crave and create leisure, and a longing for the intimate and uplifting communion with art. Our beloved America needs that more just now than leagues of nations, and cable depots, and political investigations of local political malfeasance.

Let us see if it is not possible to honor Babe Ruth for what he does, and at the same time to raise the batting average of Beethoven, so that he will impress our fellow citizens as a chap worth reading about and meeting in the places where he may be encountered through his works.

AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

NO mature student of American affairs who has understood and sympathized with the various movements looking for a more enlightened administration of government can help feel in these disturbed days that something —an almost intangible something—is missing in our political life.

It would be easy enough to explain this vague feeling by saying that there is a lack of ideas, and it is possible to be even more definite, and point out that the great desideratum is leadership, not only among men, but in ideas. But, more important than leaders and leadership in ideas, is the fact that there is no leadership in ideals, that there is an indifference to many things that we once held sacred—that those who voice their indignation at such conditions are so unimpressive that they command no one and arrest nothing. In short we have come upon a moral and political wilderness, wherein there cries out not a voice.

America can only survive as a progressive country, for her institutions are based on the happiness of the greatest number, and only as she reaches for even the unattainable, will she rightly work out her destiny. When, therefore, we see an America unproductive of ideas and indifferent to ideals, we may well wonder into what air pocket in our progress have we come.

For a period of over twenty years, there never was a time Theodore Roosevelt was not expressing the restless will of America to advance the cause of civilization. We are not denying that there were other interpreters of America's activities, mental and moral, physical and scientific and political. But, if we study carefully her beginnings, if we interpret broadly the currents that went to make

her physical existence, possibly we will see that there was back of them a spirituality that should go to make a great spiritual nation; at least, spiritual in her ideals. For all her traditions rest on the advancement of mankind, all mankind—at least all that portion of mankind that comes to her shores and enters into her contracts and accepts her ideals.

Since Abraham Lincoln, no man lived either in America or elsewhere who understood or better expressed that spirit. Roosevelt's untimely death was a loss not only to America, but to civilization, for we have seen how, like a thunderbolt, the great war opened up the world for the preachment of the American ideal. And at the time when it is most needed, not only is the voice of Roosevelt stilled, but the spirit of Roosevelt seems to be passing from his own land, because the very men who might uphold the standards, seem now to have fallen with the fallen chief.

We ask, is the spirit of Roosevelt passing? not in a querulous sense, but more in wonderment that, when there is so much lip reverence for his memory, there should be forgotten so quickly the things for which he stood. There is nothing immoral in reactionaryism, but, as a state of mind, and that is what it generally is, it is distinctly unmoral.

Reactionaryism is a denial of progress; reactionaryism is the holding up of the things that are of the past, rather that the things that would replace them. The Roosevelt spirit was always for a better condition no matter how good the present might seem.

In the House of Lords of England, where men legislate by hereditary right, they have an interesting method of recording the votes. Those who are inclined toward an affirmative, vote "Content;" those inclined to the negative, vote "Not Content." The years show that it is generally the "Contents" who are in control.

Shall we vote like the reactionaries "Content"—content to let things rest as long as they seem on the surface to be right, forgetting that contentment with material possessions

and material conditions never argues for, or brings about the real thing in life—contentment of soul?

* * * *

Mr. Rex Beach, the amiable and interesting author, indulges in a tirade against legislative hearings apropos of his first attendance at one, when the Clayton-Lusk bill to provide a State censorship for moving pictures was up for a hearing before the Legislature of the State of New York.

As an ex-President of the Authors' League expressing his views in the *Authors' League Bulletin,* one would have expected from Mr. Beach a far more serious and thoughtful exposition of the views of the opponents to censorship.

It is his careless expression of a very personal objection that justifies the advocates of censorship in their claim that those who are providing entertainment to the public, are very neglectful or ignorant of the moral side of the question. The fact that the State of Pennsylvania has objected to some one of the films of Mr. Beach does not, as he seems to think, enhance his value as an opponent of censorship.

Very justly, as he states, the history of censorship is filled with the most ridiculous errors, both of judgment and of taste, and the whole idea of censorship is counter to the theories of democratic polity; but the thing that has made the advocates of censorship strong, and the reason that they have been able to establish the public opinion back of them, is that those who were against it have too frequently ignored the moral obliquity of certain productions, and have treated with too much contempt very earnest and honest men and women who have seen in these productions deleterious effects on young people.

It is to be regretted, extremely, that when the authors spoke through their *Bulletin,* the objections against censorship were not more solidly constructed and more soundly expressed than those put forward by the delightful Mr. Beach.

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

WHAT FRANCE CONSIDERS A JUST PEACE*

SENATOR LEVY'S answer to Mr. Keynes' book is most interesting and illuminating as one would expect any book from Mr. Levy's pen to be. Mr. Levy makes a great many criticisms of Mr. Keynes' attitude that are entirely just. The cold and apparently unsympathetic attitude of an intellectual economist like Mr. Keynes must be very irritating to sympathetic friends of France. Those who know Mr. Keynes, believe that his real attitude is less unsympathetic toward France than would be inferred from his book.

Mr. Levy makes a very strong appeal for sympathy and support for France. He demonstrates that France needs as large reparation payments as Germany can be made to pay. He sustains, in part, his charge that Mr. Keynes' estimates of the reparation payments to which France is entitled are too low. In the main, however, Mr. Keynes' estimates have been sustained by the findings of the Reparation Commission.

Mr. Levy fails to sustain his contention that Germany will be able to make the large indemnity payments contemplated by the Treaty of Versailles. His argument is based upon the aggregate wealth, national income, and foreign investments of Germany before the war. He does not make sufficient allowance for the great reduction in Germany's earning capacity due to the effects of the war and the treaty, and more especially to the loss of most of her ships, most of her foreign investments, a great deal of her foreign trade, and much of her coal, iron and other mineral resources. However great the national wealth and earning capacity of Germany may be, they can be used for indemnity payments to France and her Allies only to the extent that they can be gotten out of Germany through exports. In the long run, the measure must be the excess of Germany's exports over her imports. It is therefore necessary that some plan should be evolved under which the German people can be made to work to produce a large favorable balance of trade. It was one thing for the Germans to work hard for themselves before the war. It would be quite a different thing to require them to work for a generation or more under a plan by which

* "La Juste Paix," par Raphael-Georges Levy; Plon-Nourrit et Cie. Paris. Brentano, .75.

most, if not all, of their savings, after practicing the most rigid and self-denying economy, would be turned over to France and her Allies by way of reparation. It must also be remembered that all reparation payments must be taken out of the German people by taxation, and that there are limits beyond which taxation cannot be carried. Mr. Levy does not make sufficient allowance for these elements.

It requires great familiarity with the European coal situation to discuss intelligently Mr. Levy's criticisms of Mr. Keynes' figures regarding coal. It is certain that Germany's coal deliveries before the Spa Conference were far below what they should have been, and left France relatively worse off for coal than Germany. That, of course, was essentially unjust. There can be no better demonstration that Germany was deliberately evading her obligation in respect to coal than the success with which she carried out the program of delivering two million tons a month after the Spa Conference.

Mr. Levy makes the mistake, that is common among French critics of assuming that the advocates of moderate reparation payments are disposed to favor Germany at the expense of France. All fair-minded Americans must agree that France is entitled to as liberal reparation as Germany can be required to make, without such an effect upon Germany and such a disturbance of the economic equilibrium of Europe that the Allies would lose more than they would gain. The argument is that France's best chance, perhaps her only chance, of obtaining substantial reparation, is to be content with a schedule of payments that are not only within Germany's demonstrable capacity to pay, but are on a sufficiently moderate scale to make the German people prefer working and sacrificing to carry out that program, than to incur the consequences of default. American advocacy of a definite schedule of indemnity payments within Germany's reasonable capacity to pay, puts the interests of France and her Allies first. The last thing Americans would advocate is indulgence to the Germans at the expense of France.

Professor Levy's argument is based upon the assumption that Germany should be allowed to become sufficiently prosperous to pay a substantial indemnity. He does not deal with the view, which seems to have much support in France, that the safety of France from another German war lies in the dismemberment of Germany, even though the result of that dismemberment would be to postpone or even prevent further indemnity payments. That is an entirely logical view if one is prepared to accept the premises upon which it is based. An American can conceive of himself holding that view if he were a Frenchman and had shared the sufferings of France, and shared her present fear of another attack from Germany. France is entitled to adequate military protection against another attack by Germany, and if the only way of affording that protection is to bring about the dismemberment of Germany, there would be no valid objection to the adoption of that method.

Most American observers, although deeply sympathetic with France and interested in her future, feel that in the long run France will be likely to suffer from the disintegration of Germany, and from the inevitable process of reintegration that will ensue. They feel that the safest course for France is to agree to a moderate scale of reparation payments, and to co-operate with the rest of the world in placing Germany in an economic position to make those payments. Such a plan would be incomplete and dangerous for France without co-operation with the Allies and the United States in insuring the military protection of France; and through a league of nations or otherwise, in minimizing the risk of the instigation of another war by Germany in case she should be permitted to become economically strong and prosperous.

Fortunately, Germany's acceptance of the recent allied ultimatum regarding reparations renders unnecessary further discussion of Germany's probable capacity to pay. Germany has undertaken to do her best to carry out the new program. If she does her best she will in due time furnish a demonstration as to how much she can pay in the way of reparation or, rather, how much her competitors for the trade of the world are willing she should be allowed to pay. Germany's salvation may depend upon the vigor and sincerity of her effort.

PAUL D. CRAVATH.

THE MATHEMATICS OF HUMAN NATURE*

IN "Manhood of Humanity—The Science and Art of Human Engineering," Count Alfred Korzybski has produced an interesting book from a distinctly fresh point of view.

The Manhood of Humanity according to the author, dates from the World's War: "The period of humanity's childhood has been inconceivably long, three hundred thousand—five hundred thousand years—a stretch of time too vast for our imagination to grasp," of which "except a minute fraction," say five thousand—ten thousand years, "we have no history." In the childhood of humanity man has had to grope, to try experiments, to make mistakes, to gain his education. That period came to an end in the great catastrophe of the World's War. It is time it came to an end. The manhood of humanity should have begun long ago—the time of knowledge, of cooperation, "the establishment of the Science and Art of Human Engineering in the direction of human energies and human capacities to the advancement of human weal." Count Korzybski lays great stress on a right understanding of the nature of humanity; indeed makes such understanding fundamental to progress, even as "without

*"MANHOOD OF HUMANITY—THE SCIENCE AND ART OF HUMAN ENGINEERING," by Count Alfred Korzybski. E. P. Dutton and Co., $3.00.

geometry there would be no architecture, no railroads, no astronomy, no steamships, none of the present scientific conquests of space." In his analysis of human nature, he throws the entire weight of his authority against the prevailing biological view (for a half century) that "man is an animal." This he characterizes as "a monstrous, pathetic and ruinous blunder." "The chasm separating human nature from animal nature is even wider and deeper than the chasm between animal life and plants." He is to be classed therefore, as on the side of the spiritual conception of humanity, though he thinks that he rejects that hypothesis of man's nature by characterizing such a conception as "a hybrid of natural or supernatural offspring of beast and God—an animal combined with something divine." Be that as it may, those who believe in the nobler view of humanity may well take satisfaction in the statement "when we escape from the age long, untold, immeasurable evils that come from regarding human beings as animals, we may look forward—to a science and art of human life and society—destined to endless improvement, in accord with the potencies of human nature."

The distinctly original element in the book comes from the application of mathematical or engineering conceptions to the age old problems of humanity. The book bristles with mathematical formulae and mathematical illustrations, and instead of the view point of the biologist or of the economist, we have that of the engineer. This is well, for the problems of humanity have been pretty well thrashed over by the astute minds of the ages, and the mathematical coldness and clearness of Spinoza, who wishes "to understand the actions of men, as we treat lives and surfaces in mathematics, . . . and not to laugh or weep over them" is welcome, in this modern book; and so also the benevolent and broad minded view of engineering which considers the sources and elements of power everywhere with reference to their use and benefit for all mankind. Yet when all is said, the Utopia presented through this mathematical understanding of humanity is not convincing, the World State seems even yet very far off, "in this shrunken or continually shrinking planet," while "the Science and Art of Human Engineering" seem woefully inadequate as a motive power in a world of selfishness, greed, and sin to bring such a Utopia to pass.

REV. DE WITT L. PELTON.

THE VICE OF VICTORIAN VIRTUES*

SOMETIMES a man of worldwide fame writes his memoirs and they amount to nothing. Sometimes a comparatively unknown man does the same thing and the result is charming, illuminating and well worth reading. Bismarck's autobiography was an example of the former.

* Arthur Coleridge's Reminiscences, G. P. Putnam's Sons, $5.00.

Hare stands out preeminently as an example of the latter. Bismarck had nothing to say that he had not already said before; what he did write was poorly done from the point of view of literature; and there was scarcely a word which was an addition to, or an explanation or exposition of, any of his great actions. Hare during his lifetime had met many men of importance, and what he wrote of them and of their less advertised brothers was a distinct addition to personal history as well as to literature.

Arthur Duke Coleridge died in 1913 after a life of more than eighty years which extended almost from the Battle of Waterloo to the Battle of the Marne. His book is neither in the class of Bismarck nor of Hare. He was a relative of "The Ancient Mariner" and of three Lord Chief Justices that bore the same name. He was himself a lawyer, an operatic singer, a man of letters, and one whose associations and sympathies kept him in the closest possible touch with the Church of England. He was a close personal friend of people ranging from Archbishops of Canterbury to Lord Tennyson and Jenny Lind. He was a jovial companion and a warm friend of many of England's best during the days when music and art and religion were strong in the British Isles.

Yet there is nothing in this book that reproduces him to those who never met him as the reminiscences of a man should, if they are to be of any lasting value. One might write a homily on the looking backward of reminiscences. Throughout this volume (which would be far better if the author had been able to complete it) there is a note of sadness, of the things that have been, of the singers who will never be equalled—the churchmen whose like will never come again—of conversations that have now passed out of fashion—and of pleasant relations with all kinds of people which have now given place to disputes and labor unions and struggles of one kind or another.

Looking backward is good when it is done with a touch of genius and an optimism for the future. But it is of no great moment when it does not connect the past with the future for the entertainment, enlightenment, and stimulation of the present. Even if the skirts of today's daughter are so short that Queen Victoria would have fainted at the sight of them, even if today's daughter does smoke cigarettes, nevertheless she is still a woman and bears children and keeps the world going round just as she did yesterday and five thousand years ago. Even if horses have given place to motor cars, stages to railways, top hats to felt ones, yet people still eat and dress and work and play, and the world muddles along—perhaps in the main, moving ahead. After all, Caruso is a better singer than Mario. Geraldine Farrar is as good as Jenny Lind. Tomorrow somebody will be better than either. Novels are no longer in three volumes, people no longer write enormous letters to one another, and the world is stirred up out of its nice after-dinner-walnut-and-wine stage. Perhaps—Heaven protect us

from becoming iconoclasts—perhaps the amazing energy, the dramatic living, the typewriter-adding machine-aeroplane-motor car age of today is better. At all events, if we do not believe so, we become very unhappy.

Coleridge's Reminiscences are faint whiffs of that Victorian passivity which had its faults and its good points, but which has passed into the limbo. There is quite another period around us at the present moment which also has its good and its bad points. Nothing illustrates the difference between the two more effectively than such whiffs, however faint they may be.

LUCAS LEXOW.

ARE THERE TOO MANY BOOKS?*

IT is courageous for the author of one of the latest books to assert that there has of recent years been a spree of publishing. Courageous but not passing strange. For was it not the reformed drunkard of the Wet Ages who always made the most effective appeal against the liquor traffic?

No intelligent reader of the day who tries to keep up with his desire to garner what he thinks he ought to have from the daily newspaper, the magazines and the hundreds of thousands of books which are published yearly, can escape sharing that feeling of disheartenment which was Disraeli's every time he entered the British Museum to see there the rows of books which would never be read. The time has come, says Edward N. Teall, when publishers should ponder this query: Would not a bewildered public call them blessed "if they, instead of searching out the 'popular' authors—in fiction, of course, very specially—did a little weeding in the garden and left the ephemeral writers to ephemeral 'mediums'?" The answer is that each year, one might say each month, every publisher must decide which of his new works is to be featured at the expense of others, equally good, but which must be allowed to become "plugs."

Until the above mentioned bewildered public can benefit from the weeding out of the publishers' garden what is it going to do? For one thing it can consult and study volumes such as Mr. Teall's, and no better beginning could be made than with his. His long and successful career in journalism, his connection with the publishing profession, his work with the Chautauqua Institution, and his early youth in an atmosphere of books, have all contributed in equipping him to be an excellent guide. We say guide advisedly. In other mediums he may have been critic, but not so in his book. He demonstrates the relationships between magazine, book and

*"BOOKS AND FOLKS," by Edward N. Teall. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, $1.75.

newspaper; between the news sheets, sport sheets, editorial sheets and ladies' sheets of the latter. He elucidates some very sound theories on style. He refreshes one's memory of early adventures in literature. He does all this with a delightful tolerance, as though he were some finished forester leading an urbanite through a woodland, gently correcting erroneous ideas of the latter and enlarging on those which are sound. On magazines, for instance, he writes:

> "The modern magazine has a place of genuine importance in our Scheme of Things. It ought not to be either neglected or overdone. Do not be ashamed to give serious consideration to your choice; do not, on the other hand, take your magazines too seriously. Find what you want; what you like and what you will, in the vulgar phrase, 'give you the most for your money' . . .
>
> "The newspaper and magazine, coming out day after day, week after week, or month after month, are not products of haphazard energy, but are patterned with utmost care and periodically realized as the fruit of finely trained intelligence. In all good logic, an intelligence suited to this one ought to guide the reader in his selection."

GABRIEL S. YORKE.

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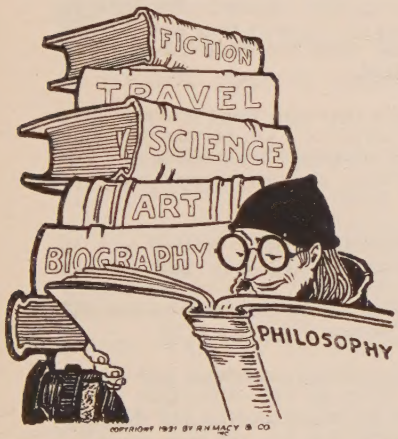

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